

## THE REPUBLICAN.

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

J. F. & L. W. GRANT.

For one year in advance, \$2.00  
If not paid in advance, \$3.00

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

For County Offices, \$3.00  
For State Offices, \$5.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged at advertising rates.

### IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?

Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see. For if it were burning, then surely some beams would fall brighter on me.

Straight, straight is the road, but I falter. And off shall I fall by the way. Then lift your lamp higher, my brother. Let it should make fatal delay.

There are many and many around you. Who follow wherever you go. If you thought that they walked in the shadow Your lamp would burn brightly, I know.

Upon the dark mountains they stumble. They fall on the rocks, and they lie With their white, pleading faces turned upward To the clouds and the pitiful sky.

How all the lamps that are lighted Should steadily blaze out in line Wide over the earth and the ocean. What a girle of glory would shine?

How the mist would rise up and away: How the earth would laugh out in her gladness And hail the millennial day!

Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see. For if it were burning, then surely some beams would fall bright upon me.

### IRISH HUMOR.

The first Viscount Guillemore, when Chief Baron O'Grady was remarkable for his dry humor and biting wit. The latter was so fine that its sarcasm was often perceived by the object against whom the shaft was directed.

A legal friend, extremely studious, in conversation notoriously dull, was once showing off to him his newly built house. The book-worm prided himself specially on a sanctum he could pour over his books in private quite secure from disturbance.

"Capital!" exclaimed the Chief Baron. "You surely could, my dear fellow, read and study here from morning till night, and no human being be one whit the wiser."

A young and somewhat dull tyro at the bar pleading before him commenced: "My lord, my unfortunate client—" then stopped, heaved, hawed, hesitated. Again he began: "My lord, my most unfortunate client—" another stop, more heaving and confusion.

"Pray go on, sir," said the Chief Baron. "So far the court is with you."

In those days, before competitive examinations were known, men with more interest than brains got appointments, for the duties of which they were wholly incompetent. Of these was the Hon. Q.—. He was telling Lord Guillemore of the summary way in which he disposed of matters in his Court.

"I say to the fellows who are bothering me with foolish arguments, that there's no use in wasting my time and their breath, for that all their talk just goes in at one year and out at the other."

"No great wonder in that," said O'Grady, "seeing that there's so little between to stop it."

It was this worthy who, being at a public dinner shortly after he got his place, had his health proposed by a waggish guest.

"I will give you a toast," he said. "The Hon. Q.—, and long may he continue indifferently to administer justice."

At the dinner table, over the wine, Lord Guillemore was a force, and this is one of the stories he used to tell with great applause. It was a dialogue which he asserted he had heard in the old coaching days between the guard of the mail and a minding old lady, when traveling from Cork to Dublin.

The coach had stopped to change horses, and the guard, a big, red-faced, old man, beaming with good-humor, came bustling up to the window to see if the "insides" wanted anything.

"Guard," whispered the old lady. "Well, ma'am, what can I do for you?"

"Could you"—in a faint voice—"could you get me a glass of water?"

"To be sure, ma'am: with all the pleasure in life."

"And, guard,"—still fainter—"I'd—hem—I'd—like it hot."

"Hot water! Oh, all right, ma'am. Why not, if it's pleasing to you?"

"With a lump of sugar, guard, if you please."

"By all manner of means, ma'am."

"And—and—guard, dear"—as the man was turning to go away—"a small squeeze of lemon, and a little, just a thimbleful—of spirits through it?"

"Och, isn't that punch?" shouted the guard. "Where was the use of beating about the bush? Couldn't you have asked out for a tumbler of punch at once, ma'am, like a man?"

A story something like the following has been told before, but in its new shape it will bear repetition. It was told by Mr. F.—, Clerk of the Crown for Lincoln, who was over six feet high and stout in proportion.

One day, when driving in the outskirts of Dublin, they came to a long and steep hill. Caddy came down, and, walking alongside the cab, looked significant glances in at the window. His Honor knew very well what he meant, but the day was hot and he was lazy, and fat, and had no notion of taking the hint and getting out to ease the horse while larding the lean earth himself. At last Paddy changed his tactics. Making a rush at the cab he

suddenly opened the door and then slammed it to with a tremendous bang. "What's that for?" roared Mr. F.—, startled at the man's violence and the loud report.

"Whist, yer Honor! Don't say a word!" whispered Paddy, putting his finger to his lips.

"But what do you mean, sirrah?" cried the fare.

"Arrah, can't ye hash, sir? Spake low—now, do. Sure, 'tis lettin' on I am to the little mare that yer Honor's got out to walk. Don't let her hear you, and the cratler'll have more heart to face the hill if she thinks you're not inside, and that 'tis only the cab that's troubling her."

Baron F.— was one of the most decorous of Judges, but was cursed with a scapegrace of a brother, who was a perpetual thorn in his side. When at school he was set a sum to do by his teacher. After an undue deluge he presented himself before the desk, and held up his slate, upon the corner of which was a pile of coppers.

"What is the meaning of all this, sir," said the master.

"Oh!" cried the youth. "I'm very sorry, sir, but I really can't help it. All the morning I've been working at the sum. Over and over again I've tried, but in spite of all I can do it's come right. So I have made up the difference in half-pence, and there it is on the slate."

The originality of the device disarmed the wrath of the pedagogue, and young R. was dismissed with his coppers to his place.

Here, however, is one of the best kind told of Mr. Plunket, the father of the Lord Chancellor.

One morning Mr. Plunket, taking an early walk, was overtaken by two respectable looking men, carpenters by trade, each carrying the implements of his craft.

"Good morning, my friends," said the old gentleman; "you are early afoot. Going on a job, eh?"

"Good morning, kindly sir; yes, we are; and a quare one, too. The quarest and most out of the way you ever heard of, I'll be bound, though you have lived long in the world and heard and read of many a thing. Oh, you'll never guess it, your Honor, so I may as well tell you at once. We're going to cut the logs off a dead man."

"What!" cried his hearer, aghast; "you don't mean—"

"Yes indeed, 'tis true for me; and here's how it came about: Poor Mary Neil's husband—a carpenter like ourselves and an old comrade—has been sick all winter, and departed this life last Tuesday. What with the grief and the being left on the wide world with her five orphans, and no one to earn bit or soup for them, the cryer is fairly out of her mind—stupid from the crying and the fret, for what does she do, poor woman, but send the wrong measure for the coffin, and when it come home it was ever so much too short. Barney Neil was a tall man, nearly six feet we reckoned him. He couldn't be got into it, do what they would, and the poor cratler hadn't what would buy another. Where would she get it, after the long sickness herself had, and with five children to feed and clothe? So, your Honor, all that's in it is to cut the logs off the him. Me and my comrade here is going to do it for the desolate woman. We'll just take a c'm off at the knee joints and lay 'em alongside of him in the coffin. I think, sir, now that I've told you our job, you'll say 'tis the quarest ever you heard of."

"Oh?" cried the old gentleman, "such a thing must not be done. It's impossible! How much would a new coffin cost?"

The carpenter named the sum, which was immediately produced and bestowed on him with injunctions to invest forthwith in the necessary purchase.

The business, however, took quite an unexpected turn. Mr. Plunket, on his return home, related his maternal adventure to his family at breakfast, the future Chancellor, then a young barrister, being at the table. Before the meal was ended the carpenters made their appearance, and, with many apologies, tendered back the coin they had received. He who had been spokesman in the morning explained that, on seeing the gentleman in advance of them on the road, he had, for a lark, made a bet with his companion that he would obtain the money, which, having won his wager, he now refunded.

The virtues of London purple lie in the arsenic which it contains. Just as in the case of Paris green. There are, however, several advantages possessed by the new poison over the old, among which are its extreme fineness, permitting it to be mixed with water; its adhesiveness; when once applied it adheres tenaciously to the leaves,—due, no doubt, to its finely divided condition; its purple color enables one always to detect its presence on leaves, even when it exists in but very small quantities; this will not only guard against accidents, but at the same time be of considerable account in enabling one to make another application; its cheapness as compared with Paris green. It will be impossible to say just what the cost per pound will be, until a considerable quantity has been brought into our markets; it will, however, in all probability, not be more than one-fourth that charged for Paris green.

The following account is given in the New York Herald, of one of the apartments in the cave just opened at Luray, Virginia: At last, through a narrow opening, we came suddenly into the most brilliant room in the cave, and almost twin in size to the "Giant's Hall" proper. The contrast between this and the "Giant's Hall" was complete. While in the latter everything was dark, weird and awful, everything here was light, brilliant and gorgeous. A scene of unparalleled splendor, of sublime grandeur, burst upon us. The whole scene was brilliant and dazzling beyond description. If an artist never failed before he would fail here, for this inconceivable mass of splendor no brush could paint nor pen depict to the mind of man. There were no facilities for measuring this chamber, as all its parts are not yet accessible. Several bridges and a number of stairways will be required. The formations are marvelously beautiful, a number of them being entirely beyond description. There is an absence of springs, but beautiful grottoes, boulders and palace-like structures are to be seen at every turn. In one place a Chinese pagoda presented itself; there were four entrances between its columns. Its roof was steeply pointed, and served as a canopy for the rarest and most exquisitely beautiful structure yet discovered. This marvelous formation was a white monument, seven feet high, twelve inches in diameter at the largest part, tapering up to a delicate head and forming in and arising from the centre of a pedestal of dark stone, perfectly round and about two and a half feet in diameter, the whole resting on a perfectly square platform five feet either way. The platform rested at the height of twelve inches on a second platform, about seven feet square, and this in turn on a third, somewhat larger, and a third finally on a fourth, still larger. These platforms and the monument itself were formed of masses of beautiful white crystalline particles, unlike any other formation in the caverns. The whole glistened under our lights, and presented a transcendently beautiful spectacle. We stand in awe and almost in terror before this wonderful structure. We have no words to express our feelings. One can only remember that the works are beyond the comprehension of poor weak mortals.

Training Animals.

"But isn't it decidedly hard to know just how to train?"

"Never a bit," said Mr. Fryer, waving his hand and his hand at the same time to throw off every possibility of such an imputation, "when a man takes 'em right. Here's a party going to train a dog. He's not going to let the dog get foolish. That dog's never allowed to ever see the party laugh. The party wonders what makes that dog so stupid and dumb. He's been trying five months to make him hold a stick, and the stick still drops from the dog's mouth without a trace of his teeth-marks. Then the party thinks he'll make the dog cheerful, and he laughs and cuts up and sports with him. So he does make the dog cheerful, too cheerful and foolish to get him to stand still long enough to try the stick trick. He thinks—"

"It surely must take a good deal of patience and per—"

"None of any account, so long as a man understands his business. As I was saying, that dog has got so foolish that he hasn't even any respect for the party. The party then thinks he'll try beating. He catches the dog and whips him. That dog might as well never have been born for all the tricks the party'll get out of him after that. He might as well—"

"Surely there are other things easier to do in the world than train a dog, Mr. Fryer."

"There is not; simplest thing in life if you only take them right. You do not want to be cross nor you don't want to be too easy. You must take a dog just between all these, at a certain point, and you have him. You do not want to vary from that point so much as the thickness of a tack head or you have him not. You must take him between—"

"But, Mr. Fryer, isn't it easy to know how to find—"

"Easiest thing in the world, if a man is up to the business. A dog's a dog, and you must understand his nature. You don't want to be rash, yet you don't want to be hesitating; you don't want to be hasty, yet you mustn't be slow. You must just take the dog at the right moment—"

"But how are you to know what is the right—"

"No trick about knowing that no more than there is about eating, if you understand what you're taking hold of. A dog will be a dog, and—"

"Well, but how are you to understand—"

"There's no trouble about it in the world, if you go at it in the correct way. A dog, as I say before, is a—"

### A World of Beauty.

The following account is given in the New York Herald, of one of the apartments in the cave just opened at Luray, Virginia: At last, through a narrow opening, we came suddenly into the most brilliant room in the cave, and almost twin in size to the "Giant's Hall" proper. The contrast between this and the "Giant's Hall" was complete. While in the latter everything was dark, weird and awful, everything here was light, brilliant and gorgeous. A scene of unparalleled splendor, of sublime grandeur, burst upon us. The whole scene was brilliant and dazzling beyond description. If an artist never failed before he would fail here, for this inconceivable mass of splendor no brush could paint nor pen depict to the mind of man. There were no facilities for measuring this chamber, as all its parts are not yet accessible. Several bridges and a number of stairways will be required. The formations are marvelously beautiful, a number of them being entirely beyond description. There is an absence of springs, but beautiful grottoes, boulders and palace-like structures are to be seen at every turn. In one place a Chinese pagoda presented itself; there were four entrances between its columns. Its roof was steeply pointed, and served as a canopy for the rarest and most exquisitely beautiful structure yet discovered. This marvelous formation was a white monument, seven feet high, twelve inches in diameter at the largest part, tapering up to a delicate head and forming in and arising from the centre of a pedestal of dark stone, perfectly round and about two and a half feet in diameter, the whole resting on a perfectly square platform five feet either way. The platform rested at the height of twelve inches on a second platform, about seven feet square, and this in turn on a third, somewhat larger, and a third finally on a fourth, still larger. These platforms and the monument itself were formed of masses of beautiful white crystalline particles, unlike any other formation in the caverns. The whole glistened under our lights, and presented a transcendently beautiful spectacle. We stand in awe and almost in terror before this wonderful structure. We have no words to express our feelings. One can only remember that the works are beyond the comprehension of poor weak mortals.

Training Animals.

"But isn't it decidedly hard to know just how to train?"

"Never a bit," said Mr. Fryer, waving his hand and his hand at the same time to throw off every possibility of such an imputation, "when a man takes 'em right. Here's a party going to train a dog. He's not going to let the dog get foolish. That dog's never allowed to ever see the party laugh. The party wonders what makes that dog so stupid and dumb. He's been trying five months to make him hold a stick, and the stick still drops from the dog's mouth without a trace of his teeth-marks. Then the party thinks he'll make the dog cheerful, and he laughs and cuts up and sports with him. So he does make the dog cheerful, too cheerful and foolish to get him to stand still long enough to try the stick trick. He thinks—"

"It surely must take a good deal of patience and per—"

"None of any account, so long as a man understands his business. As I was saying, that dog has got so foolish that he hasn't even any respect for the party. The party then thinks he'll try beating. He catches the dog and whips him. That dog might as well never have been born for all the tricks the party'll get out of him after that. He might as well—"

"Surely there are other things easier to do in the world than train a dog, Mr. Fryer."

"There is not; simplest thing in life if you only take them right. You do not want to be cross nor you don't want to be too easy. You must take a dog just between all these, at a certain point, and you have him. You do not want to vary from that point so much as the thickness of a tack head or you have him not. You must take him between—"

"But, Mr. Fryer, isn't it easy to know how to find—"

"Easiest thing in the world, if a man is up to the business. A dog's a dog, and you must understand his nature. You don't want to be rash, yet you don't want to be hesitating; you don't want to be hasty, yet you mustn't be slow. You must just take the dog at the right moment—"

"But how are you to know what is the right—"

"No trick about knowing that no more than there is about eating, if you understand what you're taking hold of. A dog will be a dog, and—"

"Well, but how are you to understand—"

"There's no trouble about it in the world, if you go at it in the correct way. A dog, as I say before, is a—"

"What is the correct way?"

"The simplest way. You don't want to let a dog see that you don't understand your business. You go to work and get to studying how you'll make him do that and how you'll make him do that, and if you can make anything out of him after that then I'm no trainer of dogs. A dog will be a—"

"You surely must study up how you will go about it beforehand?"

"No need of studying. You're not

going to teach the dog algebra. A dog's like a man—or a boy. A boy's a boy; a dog's a—"

"Will the same means by which you train a boy serve for training a dog?"

"That depends on who it is that's training the boy. It isn't everybody that knows how to train a boy, either. Sometimes a party might hit it right in training a boy, and sometimes he may hit it wrong. Take—"

"It does seem puzzling, Mr. Fryer, to know how to train do—"

"As clear as noon, provided you do not allow yourself to get mixed on it. You must not go about it as though you had no confidence; neither must you be too confident. A dog watches closely. Anywhere you find them a dog will be a do—"

"Did you ever train horses?"

"Trained everything from a dog to an elephant; horses, goats, giraffes, dogs and all such. I've had a good deal to do with training all sorts of animals, but more than all with elephants. An elephant's an animal that you don't want to get too familiar with. Only when you are once through with him you want to let him go. You mustn't joke with him or play with him. He watches for your weak points, and if he finds them he'll master you. An elephant appears to be an animal that's always trying to get from under your control, if you'll let him. Give him an inch and he'll take a yard. You want to set your foot down from the first and show him that you are master. It's because trainers don't understand this that we hear of so many of them being hurt by elephants."

"What is the nicest animal for training?"

"I like a good horse. They're not so intelligent as dogs. Dogs are the most intelligent animal that is. Yet somehow they're foolish; want to cut up; it's their nature; a dog will be a do—"

"Why would you rather train horses?"

"A horse minds what he's taught. He's longer at learning, but he remembers what he learns. There's no reminding about them. Then a horse doesn't look to take advantage of you like an elephant. I say animals can't reason, because if they could men couldn't use them. They'd master any man. If they could calculate what work was before them they wouldn't be obedient. I take it they're stronger than men and thw would master man-kind."

"How is it in training goats?"

"There isn't much about a goat to speak of. They are rather a dumb animal. You can teach them to ride on horses' backs and to dance to music, but there isn't any enthusiasm about them. They're a sleepy kind of a creature. not at all like dogs. A dog has the life and fun in him. You don't find much difference in dogs anywhere."

Russian Cheese.

An article of diet of almost universal consumption among the poorer classes in Russia is the variety of home-made cheese known as Tworog, of which more than seven million pounds are sold annually in St. Petersburg alone. Its mode of preparation is very simple. Sour skim milk is placed over night in a warm oven, and poured the next day upon a sieve, where it is allowed to remain till all the whey has run off. The curd is then packed tightly in a wooden vessel and covered with a lid made of fat exactly within it. On this heavy weights are placed, so as to keep up a constant pressure on the mass of curd, and the space between the lid and the top of the vessel is filled with cold water, which is frequently renewed. Tworog cheese is, in fact, nothing more than hard pressed curd.—In the northwestern and southern governments of the Empire it is often made of sheep's milk, and in Bessarabia a superior quality made from the whole milk is prepared, which possesses far better keeping properties than the ordinary soft, and which as exported in considerable quantities to Wallachia, Moldavia and even to Austria.

Witticisms.

The young lady at work on Christmas slippers is making the greatest zephyr of her life.

There has been a great cry made that a chalk mark will keep ants out of any food. We have noticed the little fellows never get in our milk.

"That boy will make his mark in the world some day," said a parent of his dull child. So he did. He never learned to write.

Whether or not the apple tree was the tree of knowledge, there is no doubt whatever as to the tree of understanding being the boot tree.

"A baby swims naturally if you'll let it," says Frank Buckland, the English lithologist. But that would depend very much on the parents' whims. Just as soon as a young fellow over in Europe settles down and thinks he is a first-class king, some knave comes along and tries to play the duncie with him.

"Oh, yes; they have ribs enough," she replied, as she laid down a corset, "but they don't feel like a man's arm, and you don't look for 'em on Sunday nights."

The man who was "filled with emotion" hadn't room for his dinner.

The largest room in the world's the room for improvement.

Watering places that remain open all winter—the mouths of milk cans. Be sure and chalk this down.

How can a boy feed a press when he can't feed himself?

### Cuisine A La Russe.

While on this matter of home manufactures, I must mention the bread of Russia, which seems to us the perfection of the breads of all countries. It is light, sweet and tender, and far preferable to the French bread, which is more than half crust. The Russian soups we enjoy very much, too, and find them generally made up of many kinds of vegetables and meats, but all we have tried are very palatable and apparently very nourishing. The cooking of meats, too, is excellent here, and all kinds of vegetables are prepared in a far more Christian manner than we find them in Germany. Fruits are plenty, watermelons abounding for a dessert. We have had the melons cut up in small pieces, in wine jelly. Puddings they seem to know little about. For a variety we tried one day this week a Russian restaurant, one of the first class, and found everything very elegant, the room beautiful (decorated, handsome lace curtains, and a German instrument, which plays like a band, discoursing sweet music all the time. The waiters were all clothed in white, and wore red sashes with large tassels. Of course the bill of fare was in Russian, but our guide secured us an excellent dinner: the soup was made of a little of everything, ham, beef, sausage, pork, various vegetables, including cucumber and beans, and hard-boiled eggs, but it was very palatable, and we fully appreciated it; then came cotelettes fried in crumbs, with toasted bread under them and six kinds of vegetables as garniture, laid about the platter very temptingly. One vegetable called Brussels cabbage was about as large as an English walnut, and a very capital relish. Then there were tempting little carrots, beans and cauliflower, and, having discussed these, curiously mixed pudding was set before us, "Nesselrode," by name. It is what we would call a "rich plum pudding," with jelly and various fruits on the top, and for drink a bottle of raspberry wine or cordial. After true Russian fashion, tea was handed about in tumblers, lemon juice being generally used here instead of milk and sugar. Thus we dined "a la Russe," sitting on velvet sofas and studying the scene about us, while curious Russian eyes mounting above tea and tobacco smoke kept up an incessant stare of surprise at our unknown language and unknown ways.







**UPPER** The Original and only  
Other...  
Optim...  
W... ..







## THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

J. F. & L. W. GRANT.

### Terms of Subscription:

For one year in advance, \$2.00  
If not paid in advance, \$2.50

### Terms of Advertising:

One square of 10 lines or less, first insertion, 75 cents  
Each subsequent insertion, 50 cents  
Over one square counted as two, etc.  
Quotations charged at advertising rates.  
Marriage notices, 50 cents

### ANNOUNCEMENT OF CANDIDATES.

For County Offices, \$5.00  
For State Offices, \$10.00  
Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged as advertisements.

### Rates of Advertising:

One square of 10 lines, three months, \$2.00  
One square six months, \$3.50  
One square twelve months, \$5.00  
One-fourth column three months, \$1.00  
One-fourth column six months, \$1.50  
One-fourth column twelve months, \$2.00  
One-half column three months, \$1.50  
One-half column six months, \$2.00  
One-half column twelve months, \$2.50  
One column three months, \$3.00  
One column six months, \$4.00  
One column twelve months, \$5.00

## A. WOODS, ATTORNEY AT LAW, JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

Special attention given to the collection of debts, the getting up of pension and land warrant claims, the making out of homestead entries of lands, and the negotiation of old forfeited homestead entries of lands. Office in the southwest corner of the court-house, opposite the Circuit Clerk's office.

## Caldwell, Ham's & Caldwell, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

Will practice in all the courts of the 12th judicial district and the supreme and federal courts of the State.

## W. W. WOODWARD, Attorney-at-Law, JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

Office formerly occupied by Geo. W. H. Forney, JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA.

## FRANK DRAFFORD & STEVENSON, Attorneys-at-Law, JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA.

Solicitors in Chancery.

## M. J. TURNLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

## ELLIS & MARTIN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

No. 7 Office Row, Jacksonville, Alabama.

Have associated in the practice of their profession, and will attend to all business connected with them, in the counties of the 12th judicial circuit, and adjoining counties in the supreme court of the State.

## B. L. STEVENSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

## J. D. ARNOLD, SURGEON DENTIST, JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA.

All work executed in the most durable and scientific manner. Charges very moderate. Jan 25, 1879

## JOB PRINTING FROM SMALL CARDS TO MAMMOTH POSTERS

EXECUTED Neatly, Cheap, AND Promptly, AT THE REPUBLICAN OFFICE

### THE OLD HOME.

O little house lost in the heart of the lindens,  
What would I not give to behold you once more!  
To inhale once again the sweet breath of your roses,  
And the starry clematis that climbed round your door—  
To see the neat windows thrown wide to the sunshine,  
The porch where we sat at the close of the day,  
Where the weary-foot traveler was welcome to rest him,  
And the beggar was never sent empty away;  
The wainscoted walls, and the low raftered ceilings;  
To hear the loud tick of the clock on the stair;  
And to kiss the dear face bending over the balustrade,  
That always was hid by my grandfather's chair!  
O bright little garden beside the plantation,  
Where the tall flowers-de-lis their blue banners unfurled,  
And the lawn was alive with thrushes and black birds,  
I would you were all I had known of the world!  
My sweet pink pea-clusters! My rare honey-suckle!  
My prim polyanthus all of a row!  
In a garden of dreams I still pass and caress you,  
But your beautiful selves are forever laid low—  
For your walls, little house, long ago have been leveled;  
Alien feet your smooth borders, O garden, have trod;  
And those whom I loved are at rest from their labors,  
Reposing in peace on the bosom of God!

### Bertha's Wedding Day.

Philip Irving put his fingers beneath the dimpled chin of the lovely girl at his side.  
"Bertha, darling, look up! Next Christmas day, remember!"  
"Remember what? Why, that I am coming back then, to claim you as my own; never, never to part from you again. It is hard to leave you, darling, I never thought it would be half so hard as it is. But it is for your sake that I go; that I may make the happy home that you and I am going to share, worthy of you. You will be true to me, Bertha?"  
"I will be true to you, Philip."  
And there under the whispering lindens, beneath the cloudless moon of that beautiful June evening, the lovers part; the passionate fervor of the farewell kiss, the lingering pressure of the last embrace, bringing almost as much rapture as pain.  
Now that he was really gone, and there was nothing else to think of and to do, Bertha began to count the slow weeks that must intervene before her lover would return to claim the fulfillment of the pledge she had given to him.  
"Christmas is in December. I wish it came earlier!"  
Philip's place of destination was San Francisco, whither he had gone on business that promised to be very remunerative, but which has nothing to do with our story.  
He had promised to write to Bertha immediately on his arrival, but she called several times at the post office before the welcome missive arrived. Her cousin, Benjamin Ripley, was postmaster, as well as proprietor of the village store. She had never had a letter from Philip before, but she knew it was from him by the postmark, and her face flushed beneath the keen glance he gave her as he handed it to her.  
Her cousin Jane, a sister of Benjamin's was standing beside her, as slipping the letter into her pocket, Bertha turned towards the door.  
Hastening after her Jane linked her arm into her cousin's, saying, with a laugh that sounded rather forced and unnatural:  
"Are you engaged to Phil. Irving? Don't answer, now, if you don't want to."  
Bertha had half a suspicion that Jane had a more than friendly feeling for Philip, and her tone was a little sharp as she said:  
"I am engaged to Philip Irving. And I don't know why I should be reluctant to tell of it, either!"  
"Well, I hadn't the least idea he was serious. I knew he was very attentive before he went away, but I thought it was all a flirtation."  
"Philip never flirts."  
"Don't he?"  
Bertha was not a little irritated by that toss of head and tone of incredulity, but they now reached the gate of her father's house.  
Eager to learn the contents of her letter she snatched her arm from her companion's and ran in, going directly to her own room.  
Blushing, and half ashamed of her impetuosity, Bertha tore open the letter. It did not take long to read it, being very brief, containing little more than the announcement of his safe arrival. There was none of the protestations, the tender assurances that she expected and so thirsted to hear, and she read it with a feeling of disappointment that was akin to pain.  
"It don't sound one bit like Philip," she said to herself after the third perusal.  
Then her heart began to reproach her for this momentary doubt, and to make excuses for him. He was tired from his long journey, too busy to tell her more than of his safe arrival; his next letter would make up for all that this lacked.  
In her reply, Bertha poured out all

the tenderness of her young and loving heart, playfully alluding to the brevity and unsatisfactory character of his letter, and for which she expected him to make due amends.  
Two, three, four weeks passed, and no answer came; and at last, unable to bear any longer the torturing suspense and cruel doubts that assailed her, Bertha wrote again, stating how long it was since she had heard from him, and that she was troubled, fearing that some misfortune had befallen him.  
There was no response to this; and indignation and wounded pride began to mingle with the grief and disappointment, which robbed her cheek of its bloom and her eye of its brightness as the weary weeks passed.  
One day Bertha was sitting alone in her own room when her Cousin Jane came in, as she was very apt to do, of late, more often than was agreeable, in fact, as she liked best to be alone.  
After a little talk, the former said:  
"I had a letter yesterday from Sue Carleton, who went out to San Francisco and married there, and she mentioned a certain somebody."  
Bertha's face flushed and then paled.  
"Let me see the letter, Jane?"  
Without a word, Jane gave it to her. It was mainly a glowing description of a large party the writer had attended, and where as was alleged, she had seen "Philip Irving, accompanied by a dark eyed beauty, with whom he seemed greatly smitten."  
Bertha returned it as silently as it had been given.  
"If I was in your place I wouldn't wear the willow any longer for a man like that."  
Bertha started as if she had been stung.  
"Who says I wear the willow?"  
"Everybody. You haven't been to a pleasure-party all summer, I don't suppose you'll go to the hop next Thursday, which I would not miss for good deal. There's plenty that would be glad of your company that are as good as Phil. Irving any day."  
"Your brother, Benjamin, for instance."  
Jane colored and tossed her head.  
"Well, yes. Ben thinks a good deal more of you than somebody I could name, and has been a better friend to you."  
Bertha went to the hop on Thursday, though if she had consulted her own feelings she would have remained at home. She went in company with Jane and her own brother, which was not exactly the programme that had been laid out, but she went home with Benjamin, which he considered the next best thing.  
It is three weeks before Christmas, the Christmas-day that Bertha had looked forward to with so many glad anticipations, and again two lovers—if lovers they can be called—are standing beneath the lindens, whose sere and yellow leaves are living at their feet.  
It is Bertha and Benjamin Ripley.  
"I do not love you, Benjamin," said the former, looking past her companion into the moonlight, as if she saw another face than his; "not in the way you love me. I don't think I shall ever love anyone in that way again. But if you think you can be content with the calm, friendly regard which is all that I have to give, I will be your wife. Not Christmas-day, though. I cannot marry you on that day."  
"When will you then?" pleaded the eager man at her side. "Think how long I have waited."  
"Any day after; it does not matter when."  
Bertha yielded passively to the warm embrace in which she was folded, shivering a little as she felt the ardent pressure of the lip that touched her own.  
Ah! how unlike another betrothal which seemed so far away from her now.  
It is to day before that time-honored festival which annually brings together so many separated families, and the cars are full of happy people, "going home for Christmas."  
Among those who stopped at Glenville was a bronzed and bearded man, who looked as if he had come a long way.  
It is Philip Irving, who must have been a great favorite with his townspeople, to judge by the numerous handshaking he received on his way to his father's house.  
News in a village flies quickly, and Bertha was not long in learning of her recent lover's return.  
"He has come, as he said he would," was her inward reflection, as she sought the solitude of her own room.  
The only pleasant thing among the bitter recollections that surged over her was the thought that he would learn of her engagement to her cousin, and not think she was pining on account of his cruel and unmanly deception.  
Enclosing the one letter she had received from him in an envelope, together with a brief line, requesting the return of the two she had written him, Bertha gave it to her youngest brother, bidding him give it to Philip with his own hand.  
That evening as Bertha was sitting beside Benjamin, in her father's parlor trying to school her aching heart to the task that grew more irksome every hour that was spent in his society, the door was thrown open and Philip Irving stroled in.  
"One moment, Bertha," as, rising to her feet, the indignant and astonished girl turned her flashing eyes upon him. "I have only one question to ask, and then, if you desire it, I will not speak to you again. Is this letter"—here he

held it up before her—"the only genuine part of which is the envelope, the only one you have received during my absence?"  
"Yes."  
"I have written you a half a dozen! Receiving in reply only this, which I now believe is a forgery."  
Bertha glanced at the letter that was handed her.  
"It is a forgery! I don't understand it."  
"I think I do!" interrupted Philip, turning towards the conscience-stricken man—or rather where he had been, for he had now slunk from the room.  
Hearing the clang of the closing gate, Philip only waited to behold the blushing and happy girl to his heart, in a brief, rapturous embrace, and then sprang after him.  
As Benjamin mounted the steps of his store, a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder, and a stern voice whispered in his ear:  
"Benjamin Ripley, if you hope to receive any mercy from me, return those letters you intercepted!"  
Without uttering a word, but with a hand shaking like one in an ague fit, the guilty man unlocked a private desk and handed Philip a package of letters—who turning towards the door, said:  
"You are Bertha's cousin—who will be my wife-to-morrow evening, in spite of all your sister's plottings—and for her sake I spare you. But only on condition that you, resign the office—whose trust you have abused—within twenty-four hours."  
It was a great wonder to the good people of Glenville why their postmaster so suddenly resigned his office, but Philip and Bertha kept their own counsel, not caring to add any further punishment to the discomfited man, who soon after sold out and moved away.  
The sun never shone more brightly than on the happy Christmas morn that ushered in Bertha's wedding-day; for Philip thought that to be the most fitting season to claim her, whose love and companionship was to make his whole after-life one long day of thanksgiving.

### Duelling on Horseback.

The little hamlet of Tehachapi is situated high up in the mountains of the same name in Santa Barbara county, California. Jerry O. Glenn and Guadalupe Astorga were men widely known in that part of the State. Glenn was a married man, though separated from his wife, and Astorga had formerly been in his employ. The former is a native Californian, and the latter of Mexican parentage. They formerly lived in Carpentaria, Los Angeles county, where the difficulty originated. Glenn had acquired a strong appetite for liquor, and when drunk was violent and abusive. According to the story of his father-in-law, he used to abuse his wife shamefully, charging around the house with a revolver, chasing her from room to room and threatening to kill her. Astorga interfered at times to protect her, and finally assisted her to go to her father's, and the latter furnished her money to go to San Luis Obispo, where she now resides. Glenn then accused Astorga of criminal intimacy with the woman, and made threats that he would kill him. Astorga finally went away, and Glenn concluded that he had followed his fugitive wife. He started in pursuit, and upon inquiry learned that Astorga was in Santa Barbara. Going there, he gained satisfactory evidence that the two were not together; but his anger having been aroused at Astorga, he followed him, tracking him to Tehachapi, where the two met. But, on encountering his victim, Glenn's bloodthirsty purpose seems to have deserted him. At all events, at the interview which occurred the principal matter discussed was a sum of money which Astorga claimed to be due him, and which Glenn disputed. A good deal of harsh language was indulged in on both sides, when they separated, Astorga riding away from town. Some time afterward Glenn rode out to a place occupied by a Mr. Faine, a short distance from town, and inquired if he had seen anything of a man on a gray horse; and when asked who he was looking for, he replied Astorga, and said he would kill him that night if it was the last thing he did. Not finding or hearing of his man there, he rode away. Soon after Astorga rode up to Faine's house, and after awhile Glenn returned, also on horseback, with a cocked pistol in his right hand. Astorga was still sitting on his horse, and was also armed. The two men met in the highway. No words were spoken, nor was any ammunition wasted. Each made a rush for the other, and, coming to close quarters, they clinched, each still sitting his horse. The Faine family—only women and children being at home—anticipating trouble, had fled from the scene when the men met, leaving no witnesses of the final encounter. But these women affirm that they heard six pistol shots fired. When the noise of battle had ceased they returned and found the two men lying in the road, still closely embraced, each grasping his pistol, and both dead. Their horses, being unbridled, stood a little distance away, as if awaiting their riders. When assistance had been summoned it was found that each man had shot three times, that a number of chambers in their respective pistols being empty, and each had received three wounds.

—Kansas counts on a population of 1,000,000 by 1880.

### General Cambonne.

There was a young corporal in the garrison of Nantes in the year 1795. He was a spirited young fellow, barely twenty; but, young though he was, he had already learned to drink to excess, according to the too-frequent custom of the day.  
Brave and excitable, wine was a bad master for him; and one day, in a moment of intoxication he was tempted to strike an officer who was giving him an order. Death was the punishment of such an offense, and to death the lad was condemned. The colonel of his regiment, remembering the intelligence and bravery of the young criminal, spared no pains to obtain a remission of the sentence; at first with no success, but finally hampered with a certain condition—that the prisoner should never again in his life be found intoxicated.  
The colonel at once proceeded to the military prison and summoned Cambonne.  
"You are in trouble corporal," he said.  
"True, colonel: and I forfeit my life for my folly," returned the corporal.  
"It may be so," quoth the colonel, shortly.  
"May be?" demanded Cambonne.  
"You are aware of the strictness of martial law, colonel; I expect no pardon; I have only to die."  
"But suppose I bring you a pardon on one condition?"  
The lad's eyes sparkled. "A condition? Let me hear it, colonel. I would do much to save life and honor."  
"You must never again get drunk."  
"Colonel! that is impossible!"  
"Impossible, boy! with death as an alternative? You will be shot to-morrow otherwise; think of that!"  
"I do think of it. But never to get drunk again! I must never let one drop of wine touch my lips! See you, colonel, Cambonne and the bottle love one another so well that when once they get together it is all up with sobriety. No, no! I dare not promise never to get drunk."  
"But unhappy boy! could you not promise never to touch wine?"  
"Not a drop, colonel!"  
"Not a drop."  
"Ah! that is a weighty matter, colonel. Let me reflect. Never to touch wine!—not a single drop all my life! The young soldier paused; then looked up.  
"But, colonel, if I promise what guarantee will you have that I shall keep my promise?"  
"Your word of honor," said the officer. "I know you; you will not fail me."  
A light came into the young fellow's eyes.  
"Then I promise," he said, solemnly.  
"God hears me, I, Cambonne, swear that never to my dying day shall a drop of wine touch these lips."  
The next day the Corporal Cambonne resumed his place in his regiment.  
Twenty-five years after he was General Cambonne, a man of note, respected and beloved. Dining one day in Paris with his old colonel, many brothers-in-arms being present, he was offered a glass of rare old wine by his former commanding officer. Cambonne drew back.  
"My word of honor, colonel; have you forgotten that?" he asked excitedly.  
"And Nantes—the prison—my vow?" he continued; striking the table.  
"Never, sir, from that day to this has a drop of wine passed my lips. I swore it, and I have kept my word; and shall keep it, God helping, to the end!"

### Sugar and Glucose.

Sugar is one of the most important articles of human food, and much more largely used in the United States than in any other part of the world. Its domestic value is due to its sweetening power and antiseptic properties. It is also largely employed in the manufacture of beer, ale, spirits and vinegar; its use in these cases having no relation to its sweetening or antiseptic qualities, but to the fact that it is decomposable into alcohol and carbonic acid gas by yeast. There are four different kinds of sugar, maple, beet-root, cane and starch of glucose. The sugar obtained from the maple and beet-root is of the same chemical composition and general character as cane sugar, with this difference, that maple sugar is sweeter than cane, and beet-root sugar not so sweet. But as the production of one is confined to Europe and the other produced only in small quantities, we shall not notice them further.  
Cane sugar consists chemically of 12 atoms of carbon, 22 atoms of hydrogen, and 11 atoms of oxygen. It crystallizes readily in oblique prisms, does not become brittle by exposure to the air, and is not liable to ordinary temperatures to undergo any chemical changes—fermentative or putrefactive. It cannot be produced artificially. Its preparation from the cane is simple, but involving several operations. The juice is pressed from the canes passed between metal rollers; it is then mixed with lime and heated to near the boiling point to remove the earthy phosphates and albuminous matters which would cause it to undergo fermentation. The liquor is filtered and rapidly concentrated by heat in open pans; when sufficiently concentrated it is transferred to shallow vessels and left to crystallize. The crystallized sugar is drained from the molasses, and in this form it is sent into commerce as raw Muscovado or brown sugar.  
It is from this brown sugar of com-

merce that white sugar is made by refining. It is first dissolved in water, bullock's blood and a little lime are added, and heated to the boiling point; the albumen of the blood coagulates and acts like a net, inclosing and separating all mechanically suspended impurities. These having been skimmed off, it is filtered through cloth, and afterward through layers of charcoal to remove all coloring matters, then concentrated by boiling in a vacuum pan, and when sufficiently concentrated set aside to crystallize. In most refineries the process is quickened and the product improved by the use of such chemicals as sulphate of zinc, sulphate of alumina, alum, sugar of lead, nutgalls, etc. These substances cannot be considered as adulterations, and where ordinary care is taken in refining their use cannot produce the least harm.  
Glucose or starch sugar consists chemically of 12 atoms of carbon, 20 of hydrogen, and 14 of oxygen. Crystallized with difficulty in acicular tufts, its liable to become moist on exposure to the air, and gives, when heated with sulphate of copper and liquor potassa, a red precipitate of sub-oxide of copper which cane sugar does not. It is very liable to undergo chemical changes. It possesses only one-third the sweetening power, and one-fourth the solubility of cane sugar. It is found naturally existing in the juice of the grape, but is principally prepared from starch. It may be made from linen or cotton rags or from sawdust. In Europe it is largely prepared from potato starch and employed in the manufacture of beer, ale, vinegar, whisky and brandy. In Great Britain the law prevents its use in cane-sugar refineries. In America it is prepared from Indian corn. In the East it can be made for 3 cents a pound, in the West for less than 2 cents. It is principally used in this country to defraud the revenue and cheat the people into paying 8, 9 or 10 cents a pound for an article worth only 3 cents. The manufacture of glucose from Indian corn is profitable. A bushel of corn will yield 42 pounds of starch. This, when converted into glucose, will make 51 pounds.  
Casting Out Devils.  
A wealthy farmer, much affected with hypochondria, came to Langeland to consult Michael Seuppach, better known by the appellation of the Mountain Doctor.  
"I have seven devils in my belly," said he: "no fewer than seven."  
"There are more than seven," replied the Doctor, with the utmost gravity; "if you count them right you will find eight."  
After questioning the patient concerning his case, he promised to cure him in eight days, during which time he would every morning, rid him of one of his troublesome inmates, at the rate of a louis d'or for each.  
"But," added he, "as the last will be more obstinate and difficult to expel than the others, I shall expect two louis d'or for him."  
The farmer agreed to these terms; the bargain was struck, and the doctor, impressing upon all present the necessity of secrecy, promised to give the nine louis d'ors to the poor of the parish. The next morning the imaginary demoniac was brought to him, and placed near a kind of machine which he had never seen before, by which means he received an electric shock. The farmer roared out lustily.  
"There goes one!" said the doctor, with the utmost gravity.  
Next day the same operation was repeated. The farmer bellowed as before, and the doctor coolly remarked:  
"Another is off."  
In this manner he proceeded to the eighth. When he was preparing to attack the last, Seuppach reminded his patient that he now had need of all his courage, for this was the Captain of the gang, who would make a more determined resistance than any of the others. The shock was at this time so strong as to extend the demoniac on the floor.  
"Now they are all gone!" said the Doctor, and ordered the farmer to be put to bed.  
On recovering himself, the latter declared he was completely cured, and paid the nine louis d'ors with abundance of thanks, and returned in the best of spirits to the village. Credible witnesses attest this extraordinary cure, which proves the acuteness of the Doctor, as well as the truth of Solomon's proverb, that with the fool we must sometimes talk like a fool.  
The Queen Bee.  
Reaumur relates the following anecdote of which he was a witness: A queen bee and some of her attendants were apparently drowned in a brook. He took them out of the water and found that neither the queen bee nor her attendants were quite dead. Reaumur exposed them to a gentle heat, by which they were revived. The plebeians being recovered first. The moment they saw signs of animation in their queen they approached her, and bestowed upon her all the care in their power, licking and rubbing her; and when the queen had acquired sufficient force to move, they hummed aloud, as if in triumph.  
The soul may be compared to a field of battle, where the virtues are ready at any moment to encounter. Not a single vice but has a more powerful opponent, and not one virtue but may be overborne by a combination of vices.

### Yacob's Losing Deal.

"Yaw vohl! Yaw vohl! Dot man he swindle me, Shudge! S'help me Moses! He swindle me!" said the excited descendant of Isaac to Judge Morgan, yesterday morning.  
"How did he do that, Mr. Wolfinski?" asked the Court.  
"I will tell all about de pizness, Shudge, see dot feller, Mansmann, of Tenth avenue, come de audra day to mein shitore, in Chatham street, and he say to me, 'Yacob, fix me dot suit of clothes for ochtsene tollare,' und, sacht loh, 'Mansmann, dot is verth more as ochtsene tollare, but du beist mein freund, so take it along mit you.' Vell, Shudge, dot feller he try on dem clothes und dey vas a leader too loose in de pants back und goat sleeves; so, sacht loh, 'Mansmann, I fix dem for you und I bring dem bei your house on Tenth avenue.' Vell, I do dis und I go bei Mansmann's sein house gesterb und mit dot suit of clothes, und he try dem on und dey fit shust like a glove. I tell you he was glad. I bet you! Und sacht er bei mir, 'Yacob, you're a pully po, I bet you.' 'Take ein glass bier?' Den I say, 'Pizness first und bier after.' Den he pay for dot suit o' clothes. Den we drink der, four coople glass o' bier, yaw! Und Mansmann sacht, 'Xuo got plenty dium, Yacob! Let us play pin-ple.' Vell, ve do dis! De limit was ein tollare a game. I can play pinple pooly vell, I bet you! Never have I see off mein fine enny man he beat me a square game. So I was not 'fraid for Mansmann. But, Shudge, he don't bly a square game! I bet ten tollare he don't bly square. He beat me more as ochtsene dimes, und vin back all dot money vat he git me for dot suit of clothes. Vat shall I do now? He got dot suit of clothes und he got dot money for it too. Och! Der svindler!" hissed the frate Hebrew to the innocent looking Mansmann, who stood at the bar in the guise of a prisoner.  
"Well, Mr. Wolfinski, didn't Mr. Mansmann pay you \$18 for the clothes before you began to play?" said the judge.  
"Yaw! Dot ist rare! Dot ist so! But he vin it all back und I got nothing; no clothes; no money!"  
"Didn't you play to keep what you won?" said the court.  
"Dot's so! But I don't vin some-dings!"  
"That's it. You lost. Now I think you had better go home, or you'll lose your Thanksgiving goose. Next case."  
Jacob stood like one in a dream for a minute. But when he realized that Mansmann was actually leaving the Jefferson Market court a free man, possessed of a suit of clothes which had cost him nothing, he exclaimed bitterly:  
"Vell, s'help me greecions, I don't can tink I vas avake. Him got mein goods! Dot's so! Und him got mein guelt! Dot's so! Yacob, dot's besser you goin' home und ask your wife if you vassn't a jacksack mit long ears!"



SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1879.

## The \$100,000 Appropriation for Maimed Confederate Soldiers.

The Selma Argus in treating of the proposed ten thousand dollar appropriation to Alabama soldiers who lost a leg or an arm in the service of the Confederate States, says: "There are those who have as strong claims and who have suffered more than these maimed heroes, to-wit: The widows and orphans of those dead on the field of honor; and for the reason that the State cannot pension all of these (as ungracious as it is the task) up poses the proposed appropriation."

We admit, with the Argus, that the widows and orphans of the brave men who laid down their lives in the service of the South, have as strong claims as those who came out with the loss of a limb; but we differ with it on the proposition that the State cannot pension all of them. We think the State can and ought to pension every Confederate soldier who lost a limb, or who became permanently disabled so as to disqualify him for work, or who lost his eyesight by wound or exposure in camp, and the widows (who have not married again) of Confederate soldiers. Every Democratic Legislature since the war, if we mistake not, has appropriated five or ten thousand dollars to these Confederate soldiers who lost a limb, and in no case was the appropriation exhausted. We may then safely assume that an annual appropriation of ten thousand dollars would give every Confederate soldier of the above named class, who enlisted from Alabama, a pension of eight dollars a month. Let the Legislature adopt the Moffitt Whiskey Register bill and apply this together with the whiskey license tax to a pension fund. The Moffitt Register will raise \$150,000. The whiskey license tax we may assume, will amount to \$50,000 more. Here we have a fund of \$200,000 for pension purposes. Deduct from this \$100,000 for maimed soldiers and we have \$100,000 left for the widows of Confederate soldiers—a small sum, it is true—not so princely as the Federal Government can give those who suffered in the war for the Union—but enough for a beginning. As the State grows richer and more populous, the appropriation can be swelled, until those who suffered in the holiest cause men ever bled for, are as amply provided for as those who fought on the other side to crush the struggle for liberty and self-government.

## MOFFITT WHISKEY REGISTER.

The Montgomery correspondent of the Selma Times says the defeat of the Moffitt Whiskey Register bill is certain. The passage of this bill would lighten the burden of taxation now resting on real estate, and shift it upon a luxury that can easily bear it, but the Legislature thinks that the farmers (like eels that get used to being skinned) have become so accustomed to their burden that it doesn't hurt them; and that it would be downright cruelty to shift any part of the load to the tender shoulders of the bar-room loafer whose hardest day's work consists of worrying down half a dozen drinks more or less between suns.

When this Legislature adjourns, it will be powerful easy to tell what it has not done that the people wanted done. The journals will show a powerful number of reconsiderations, as if neither House knew its mind for twenty-four hours; consecutively; and the published acts will show a goodly number of private acts for the relief of a good many people—but precious little work of general benefit.

## THE RATE OF TAXATION.

The House refused Tuesday to reduce the rate of taxation and the rate remains as it is. An amendment offered by Mr. Speaker Clayton was adopted, requiring Probate Judges to return abstracts of assessments by October 1st, to the Auditor. The Governor, Auditor and Treasurer are constituted a board to examine such assessments, and if found that the amount of the assessments returned will justify a reduction in the rate of taxation, it is the duty of such board to do so—if not the present rate of taxation shall remain. A new dodge of responsibility on the part of the House!

Last Wednesday the House defeated the Moffitt Whiskey Register bill, by indefinite postponement of the whole subject. This measure was brought forward in the Senate by our excellent Senator, Hon. William P. Howell, and would, if adopted, have greatly lightened the burden of taxation now resting upon our people.

The House on Wednesday adopted a substitute for the bill to amend subdivision 8 of section 258 of the code. It exempts from taxation all provisions and supplies necessary to maintain a family and make a crop during the year, poultry, wearing apparel, \$50 worth of household and kitchen furniture, and any other personal property to the value of \$100. This is no improvement on the exemptions already in force. The mule is still taxed.

The bills that Mr. Sheild has introduced for the relief of parties in this county, are not likely to pass. None of them, so far as we have noted, have passed the House yet, and as the session ends the 13th, there will hardly be time for them to be shoved through the Senate, even if they should pass the House. This we regret, as some of the bills were meritorious.

Since the above has been put in type, the Martin & Clark bill has passed the House—too late though, we fear.

Hon. Frank W. Bowden, of Talladega, has made quite an honorable record during this session of the Legislature. He has been the recipient of many compliments at the hands of the newspapers; and the newspapers never brag much on little gains.

## AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

Not long ago the widow of a gentleman who had recently died desired the vault wherein the remains had been placed to be watched so that body-snatchers could have no opportunity to ply their nefarious calling. Thinking that the vault would be better watched by the sexton than by any one else, Mr. Laddone was hired to keep a steady look-out. At dark he took a lantern and blanket and made up a bed in front of the vault, so that any one approaching it would have to step over his body. But after lying there some time it grew quite cold, and he thought he could watch the corpse just as well if he were inside the vault out of the cold. So he unlocked the vault and went in, but found that he could not lock the vault from the inside. That would never do, and yet he was determined not to stay outside.

Finally he went back to the house and unlocked his hired man and the two went back to the vault. Mr. L. then took his lantern and blanket and went inside, made a bed on the floor, and laid down for the night, having for company to while away the tedious hours six corpses. The attendant looked at the door from the outside and went back to the house and his warm bed, leaving the sexton alone in the vault with his silent companions.

There was nothing to disturb his tranquility during the early part of the night. Everything was quiet and still until about a o'clock, and then there was a gentle noise, as though some one were tampering with the vault lock. Mr. L. took up his lantern, and the noise stopped for a few moments only to begin again when he laid down on his blanket. This time it appeared to be in an opposite corner of the vault. He could see nothing and could only hear that steady scratch, scratch, which became more and more distinct every instant. Mr. L. is a brave man, but he confesses that when he looked up in a vault with six dead men, with no living soul within half a mile, and at that early hour to have such an unexplainable noise as that it was more than men with ordinary nerves can stand. At any rate, his hair began to rise, and just as he was thinking of the best way to defend himself against his spiritual foes, a little chip-munk dashed from a corner, ran past him and darted out through the bars in the vault door. From that time on nothing occurred to mar his quiet watch, but in the morning he was rather glad to be released from his dull quarters.

## AN OLD FASHIONED DUEL.

CAPT. CASH AND JAMES CANTLEY, OF SOUTH CAROLINA APPEAL TO THE CODE.

From the Cherokee (S. C.) News.

These little speculations were all settled by prompt appearances on the ground of Mr. Cantley and ten or fifteen gentlemen from Camden, 11:30 o'clock. At 12 o'clock Sanders and Brevard proceeded to stake off the ground. The paces are set and they toss for the word. Sanders wins the word and Brevard has the choice for positions. The pistols are loaded and the boys take their positions. All eyes are turned upon Cantley; he looks like a "stone wall," and a unusual moving. No one looks at Cash; he has been there before. Sanders gives the word. "Gentlemen are you ready?" "Ready, ready," is the prompt reply. "Fire! one, two, three, halt!" Between "fire" and "one" Cash's pistol went off sending the ball into the ground near Cantley's feet. Cash's fire drew Cantley's fire before his pistol was fairly up. This prompt discharge of Cash's pistol was the result of some disarrangement of the set trigger, caused by the extreme cold weather. The seconds proceeded to load for a second round, the word was given, and at "one" the smoke and fire from both pistols. Surgeons rush to their principals; and after examination it is found no serious injury has been done. Cash's ball has passed through Cantley's coat and vest, but so far as known to this writer, did not injure Mr. Cantley's person. Mr. Brevard now gives Mr. Sanders notice that the fight is over; that Mr. Cantley has no further claims against Mr. Cash. Every man on the ground looked happy and seemed to rejoice at the result. Before leaving the ground Cash walked up to Cantley and offered his hand, saying: "You are a very brave man, you have fought me gallantly, and I retract the epithet of coward which I applied to you." Cantley met him cordially and said: "Thank you sir, and I retract the offensive expressions I have made to you."

The track of the tornado which struck Juka, Miss., on the evening of the 25th, ult., was shown to the hundred yards wide and demolished every thing in its path. It only went a short distance before it lifted and went to the clouds from which it came. It occurred in a portion of the town inhabited by negroes and no white person was hurt, but one colored woman and five children were killed entirely, and eight others were badly injured, several fatally. The bodies of two of the children were found next day, having been carried a quarter of a mile, and the head of one of them was blown off. A wagon was carried a mile and buried in the ground.

At last reports the Legislature showed no signs of letting go that salary grab for the Christmas frolic. They can cut down the salaries of poorly paid clerks and watchmen about the Capitol like a dart. We shall probably hear them telling the people how they saved two hundred and fifty dollars here and three hundred there by cutting off some poor devil's salary; but mark you, not a word about that six thousand dollars to pay for a Christmas frolic.

AN EXTRA SESSION—Is in the air. There always is, though it may stay there. If not—if it becomes an actual fact in the lower region of the capitol—during the turning of the tables. Can you imagine Conkling and Edmunds seated in the back seats of the synagogue, and Thurman, Bayard Gordon and the reigning elders?

"The wheel goes round and round," as Toddie said.

Think of Thurman in Edmunds' long-time seat, Chairman of Judiciary Committee; Bayard in Hamilton's as Chairman of Committee on Foreign Relations; and Gordon reigning over Commerce in place of imperial Conkling.

Then the silver voice of Carpenter will be again heard in the land, and John Logan, "Big Injun" of Illinois, will again stride the Senate floor, looking most grand, gloomy and peculiar.—Washington Letter.

What is the difference between a fashionable hotel and the latest style of bank-branches? One has white boarders and the other colored boarders.

## A BIT OF HISTORY.

BENEDICT ARNOLD'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH AT THE HANDS OF A WOMAN.

[New York Times.]

The recent death of Mrs. Ann Hinman Kellogg, of Fairfield, Connecticut, in the 93d year of her age, recalls an unrecorded incident of the war of the Revolution. Mrs. Kellogg was the daughter of Captain Elisha Hinman, of the United States navy, and her mother was the only American who remained in New London when the town was destroyed by the traitor Benedict Arnold in 1781. At that time Captain Hinman's ship was hourly expected to arrive at New London and it was hoped that he might come in time to save the town. Mrs. Hinman was well acquainted with Arnold, as he had often dined at her house and had been a friend of her husband. Induced by anxiety for her husband's safety, she remained after all others had fled and watched the entry of the British from the doorway of her house. As Arnold rode up he saw and saluted her and said that if she would point out her own property it should be spared. She pointed out the houses of several of her neighbors as her own and thus saved them from destruction. Arnold remained on horseback near her house nearly all day noting the battle that was raging at Fort Griswold, on the Groton side of the river, where the last monument commemorating the event now stands. Three times were the British driven down the hill by the deadly fire from the fort. Then the ammunition of its defenders became exhausted and they were obliged to surrender. The British officer in command of the storming party was so enraged at the desperate defence of the fort, that, as he entered it, he asked, "Who commands here?" Colonel Ledyard replied, "I did, but you do now," at the same time surrendering his sword. The officer received the sword and instantly plunged it into the heart of the gallant Colonel. An American, standing beside his Colonel, snatched his own sword from its scabbard and in a moment the cowardly British lay dead beside his victim. An indiscriminate massacre of all within the fort followed and 30 of the wounded Americans were piled into a wagon that was rolled down a steep hillside to the bottom, where it was dashed in pieces against a tree. Then hurried preparations were made to evacuate their position by the British. Arnold having learned of the expected arrival of Captain Hinman, Mrs. Hinman, having witnessed these outrages from her house, became so incensed against the traitor that she hurriedly descended from the roof, took a musket from a closet where it had been left the day before by an American soldier, and leveled it at Arnold as he sat on his horse in front of the house. Taking a long steady aim, she pulled the trigger, but the piece missed fire. Hearing the snap of the lock, Arnold turned and asked her what that noise was. With great presence of mind she had dropped the gun, so that he did not see it, and she answered that it was the breaking of a chair.

The Pension Bill.

The Senate last week passed a pension bill that will take not less than twenty millions from the treasury, and may, and probably will, require twice or three that amount. The bill is now before the President, having passed the House by more than a two-thirds vote at the last session. Only Messrs. Hereford and Davis, of West Virginia; McCreary, of Kentucky, and Saulsbury, of Delaware, voted against the bill in the Senate. The bill provides that all pensions which have been granted under the general law regulating pensions, or may hereafter be granted in consequence of death which originated in the United States service during the civil war, or in consequence of wounds received or disease contracted in such service, shall commence from the date of death or discharge. It further provides that the rate of pension for the intervening time for which arrears are granted shall be the same as a month for which the pension was originally granted, and repeals section 4,715 of the Revised Statutes, which provides that no claim for pension, not prosecuted to a successful issue within five years from the date of filing, shall be admitted without record evidence from the War or Navy Departments of the death, injury, or disease of the person on whose account the claim is made.

With profound sorrow we announce the death of Mrs. Jane Shorter, relict of the late Governor John Gill Shorter. After several months of lingering illness, this lovely and most estimable lady died at her home in this city, on Monday the 20th inst., in the 54th year of her age.

[Baltimore Times.]

The King of Siam has three thousand wives, all living under one roof.

## PETITION FOR PROBATE OF WILL.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, } CALHOUN COUNTY, }

Probate Court for said county, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of the petition for probate of the will of the late Wm. B. Green, deceased, as filed in court a paper purporting to be the last will and testament of Eliza A. Prater, deceased, and moves the court to admit the said Will to Probate, and to issue letters testamentary under said Will to the said Wm. B. Green, Executor.

It is therefore ordered that Monday, the 31 day of March 1879, be set for the hearing of said application; and that notice thereof be given by publication in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper published in said county, for three successive weeks from said date as a notice to Richard W. Prater, and John M. McCain who are heirs at law next of kin to the deceased, and who are non-residents of the State of Alabama, to be and appear at a special term of said court, to be held at the court house of said county, on the 31 day of March 1879, and show if anything they have to allege; why said Will should not be admitted to Probate, and letters thereunto issue to the said Wm. B. Green.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

February 8 1879—3t.

## MORTGAGE SALE.

By virtue of a mortgage made, executed and delivered by Lizzie E. Hicks, and Susan A. Williams, as Mortgagors, to the undersigned as Mortgagee, on the 5th day of April 1878, on which it conveyed for the security and certain payment of one promissory note therein mentioned, and other indebtedness, the following described property, to-wit:

One lot or parcel of land lying and being in the town of Oxford, Calhoun county, Alabama, commencing at a point thirty-three feet east of the northwest corner of the Peter Nunnally lot, and fifty-nine and sixteen twenty-fifths rods southwardly from the southeast corner of No. 72 in Block 11 of the town of Oxford, thence southerly with the great sixteen rods, thence easterly with the cross street to the railroad right of way, thence northwesterly with the railroad right of way sixteen rods to cross street, then easterly to the beginning point, containing one acre more or less; and also the habitation for the house frame now on the lot and all improvements on house and certain part of the lot or parcel of land which mortgage was filed in the office of the Judge of Probate of Calhoun county, Alabama, on the 8th day of April 1878, and duly recorded in Book "H," 2nd Volume, Register of Deeds, on pages 72 and 73.

I will sell the above described property in the town of Oxford, Alabama, at McPherson's store, for cash at public outcry, on Monday the 17th day of February 1879, at 10 o'clock, for the purpose of satisfying the debt therein mentioned. This Feb. 7th 1879.

J. O. McPHERSON, Mortgagee.

February 8—2t.

## TRUST SALE.

Under and by virtue of a certain Deed of Trust, executed to the undersigned as Trustee by Geo. L. Brown, on the 18th of February 1878, to secure Wm. M. Hughes in the payment of a certain promissory note therein mentioned, and which said Deed of Trust was recorded in the Probate Court of Calhoun county, Alabama, in Book "G," 2nd Volume, Register of Deeds, on pages 185, 187, 188, on the 18th day of February 1878, I will as Trustee for each, sell to the highest bidder for cash, at residence of G. L. Brown, 4 miles South of White Plains near Joe's Springs, in Calhoun county, on Monday the 25th day of March, 1879, the following described property, to-wit:

One sorrel horse, one gray male, two cows and calves, two yearlings, one two horse wagon, one buggy and harness, one set of household furniture, one lot of farming tools, household and kitchen furniture, 150 bushels of corn, 100 bushels of cotton seed, 300 bundles of fodder, and 500 lbs of bacon.

Said personal property will be sold to satisfy said promissory note declined in said Deed of Trust.

J. F. M. DAVIS, Trustee.

Feb. 1, 1879—5t.

## TRUST SALE.

Under and by virtue of a Deed of Trust executed to the undersigned as Trustee by John Maddox and Jonathan Phillips on the 10th day of April, 1878, to secure J. H. Lloyd in the payment of a certain promissory note therein mentioned, and which said Deed of Trust was recorded in the Probate Court of Calhoun county, State of Alabama, in Book "H," 2nd Volume, Register of Deeds on pages 178 and 179, on the 17th day of May 1878, I will as Trustee for said, sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the Court house door, in the town of Jacksonville, in said county, on Monday the 17th day of February, 1879, the following described Real Estate, to-wit:

All that tract or parcel of land in the west half of South west quarter and South east fourth of South west quarter of Section 35, Township 13 and Range 7, also a part of North east quarter of North west half of Section 2, Township 14, Range 7, commencing at the half mile stake on North side of said Section 35, and extending south to the quarter West to center of hill to said corner; thence North to a line stake on Section line, thence back to the beginning corner and situated in Calhoun county, Alabama.

Said Real Estate will be sold to satisfy said promissory note described in said Deed of Trust. This Jan. 20th 1879.

G. W. LOYD, Trustee.

Jan. 25—3t.

\$2,000 EIGHTY-SIX ACRES—In good state of cultivation. Land very fertile. Good dwelling, stables, grain house and barn, tenant house and other necessary out buildings. Chocoma creek is the line between the East side of the river and the West side of the river. Good young orchard. The healthiest location in the country. A boat landing on the plantation. One boat a week from Rome, Ga. This bottom lands are very rich and inexhaustible. Splendid tracts to superior markets.

\$4,000 SIX HUNDRED ACRES—Three payments of fine river bottom land in the place—Five good springs, a horse thrasher, and one of the finest orchards in the country. First bottom, 150 acres. Second and creek bottom, 150 acres. 180 acres of upland to pay for the timber on the upland tract, with one mile of the river. The healthiest location in the country. A boat landing on the plantation. One boat a week from Rome, Ga. This bottom lands are very rich and inexhaustible. Splendid tracts to superior markets.

Jan. 25—3t.

## VALUABLE LEAD MINE.

The undersigned has been authorized by the owners in Georgia and Tennessee to sell the valuable lead mine, west of this place, that was so successfully worked by the Confederate Government, for six thousand dollars. This mine sold before the war for three thousand dollars. There is money in it as a good investment.

Address, L. W. GRANT, Jacksonville, Ala.

## 45 Years Before the Public.

THE GENUINE  
DR. C. McLANE'S  
LIVER PILLS,  
FOR THE CURE OF  
Hepatitis, or Liver Complaint,  
DYSPEPSIA AND BILIOUS HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone some thing which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

AGUE AND FEVER.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, in cases of AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them a FAIR TRIAL.

For all bilious derangements, and as a simple purgative, they are unequalled.

## BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sugar coated. Every box has a red wax seal on the lid with the impression DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

The genuine McLANE'S LIVER PILLS bear the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING, on the wrappers.

Look upon having the genuine DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Bros., of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLANE spelled differently but same pronunciation.

For all bilious derangements, and as a simple purgative, they are unequalled.

## NOTICE.

I hereby give notice that I have sold my business of carriage and wagon making and repairing, together with the premises which I formerly did business, to Mr. J. M. H. Privett, of Jacksonville, who will conduct in future. I most cheerfully recommend him to my old customers as one fully qualified to do good work at reasonable prices.

W. H. FLEMING.

## SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of three sales issued from the Circuit Court of Calhoun county, and to me directed—one in favor of J. C. Francis and against A. Woods, one in favor of Wm. H. Forney and G. C. Ellis, and against A. Woods, and one in favor of Oscar Crook and against A. Woods.

I will sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the Court house door, in the town of Jacksonville, Calhoun county, Alabama, within the legal hours of sale, on the second Monday in February 1879, that being 10th day, the following described property, to-wit:

One house and lot in the town of Jacksonville, Ala. bounded as follows: East by the Jacksonville and Rome road, North by Mrs. E. Martin's land, west by Thos. Pitts and A. B. Clark's lots, south by J. W. Burke's place, known as the Alexander Woods residence, containing eighteen acres more or less; also one house and lot in the town of Jacksonville, Ala. bounded as follows: South by Depot street, west by an alley, northern boundary unknown, and east by A. Griffin's place, now occupied by P. J. Hines, containing seven acres more or less. The above lots being and lying in Section 11, Township 14 Range 8. Also one undivided half interest in the land of Clara Smith, bounded on the north by B. G. Daulton's place, east and south by B. L. Woodward's lands and on the west by Mrs. Abernathy's place, being and lying in Section 14, Township 14 and Range 8. Levied upon as the property of Alexander Woods, to satisfy said sales.

D. Z. GOODLETT, Sheriff, Calhoun county.

Per J. L. MARSHON Deputy.

Jan. 11 1879.—5t.

## FINAL SETTLEMENT NOTICE.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, } CALHOUN COUNTY, }

Probate Court for said county, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of the petition for probate of the will of the late Benjamin F. Brown, deceased, and moves the court to admit the said Will to Probate, and to issue letters testamentary under said Will to the said Benjamin F. Brown, Executor.

It is therefore ordered that the 10th day of February 1879, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement. At which time all persons interested can appear and contest the said settlement, if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

January 18—3t Pd.

## NOTICE.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, } CALHOUN COUNTY, }

Probate Court for said county, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of the petition for probate of the will of the late Benjamin F. Brown, deceased, and moves the court to admit the said Will to Probate, and to issue letters testamentary under said Will to the said Benjamin F. Brown, Executor.

It is therefore ordered that the 10th day of February 1879, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement. At which time all persons interested can appear and contest the said settlement, if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

January 18—3t Pd.

## NOTICE.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, } CALHOUN COUNTY, }

Probate Court for said county, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of the petition for probate of the will of the late Benjamin F. Brown, deceased, and moves the court to admit the said Will to Probate, and to issue letters testamentary under said Will to the said Benjamin F. Brown, Executor.

It is therefore ordered that the 10th day of February 1879, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement. At which time all persons interested can appear and contest the said settlement, if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

January 18—3t Pd.

## NOTICE.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, } CALHOUN COUNTY, }

Probate Court for said county, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of the petition for probate of the will of the late Benjamin F. Brown, deceased, and moves the court to admit the said Will to Probate, and to issue letters testamentary under said Will to the said Benjamin F. Brown, Executor.

It is therefore ordered that the 10th day of February 1879, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement. At which time all persons interested can appear and contest the said settlement, if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

January 18—3t Pd.

## N O T I C E !

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, } CALHOUN COUNTY, }

Probate Court for said county, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of the petition for probate of the will of the late Benjamin F. Brown, deceased, and moves the court to admit the said Will to Probate, and to issue letters testamentary under said Will to the said Benjamin F. Brown, Executor.

It is therefore ordered that the 10th day of February 1879, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement. At which time all persons interested can appear and contest the said settlement, if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

January 18—3t Pd.

## NOTICE.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, } CALHOUN COUNTY, }

Probate Court for said county, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of the petition for probate of the will of the late Benjamin F. Brown, deceased, and moves the court to admit the said Will to Probate, and to issue letters testamentary under said Will to the said Benjamin F. Brown, Executor.

It is therefore ordered that the 10th day of February 1879, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement. At which time all persons interested can appear and contest the said settlement, if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

January 18—3t Pd.

## NOTICE.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, } CALHOUN COUNTY, }

Probate Court for said county, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of the petition for probate of the will of the late Benjamin F. Brown, deceased, and moves the court to admit the said Will to Probate, and to issue letters testamentary under said Will to the said Benjamin F. Brown, Executor.

It is therefore ordered that the 10th day of February 1879, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement. At which time all persons interested can appear and contest the said settlement, if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

January 18—3t Pd.

## NOTICE.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, } CALHOUN COUNTY, }

Probate Court for said county, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of the petition for probate of the will of the late Benjamin F. Brown, deceased, and moves the court to admit the said Will to Probate, and to issue letters testamentary under said Will to the said Benjamin F. Brown, Executor.

It is therefore ordered that the 10th day of February 1879, be appointed a day on which to make such settlement. At which time all persons interested can appear and contest the said settlement, if they think proper.

L. W. CANNON, Judge of Probate.

January 18—3t Pd.

## NOTICE.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, } CALHOUN COUNTY, }











# Jacksonville

# Republican

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS ETERNAL VIGILANCE."

VOLUME XLII.

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1879.

WHOLE NO. 2183.

## THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

L. W. GRANT.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Year in advance, \$2.00

Six months in advance, \$1.00

Three months in advance, \$0.50

Terms of Advertising:

One square of 12 lines, three months, \$5.00

One square of 12 lines, six months, \$10.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

One square of 12 lines, one year, \$15.00

### TWILIGHT MONOLOGUE.

Can it be that the glory of manhood has passed  
That its purpose, its passion, its might,  
Have all faded with the fervor that fed them  
At last,  
As the twilight comes down with the Night?  
Can it be I have lived, dreamed, and labored  
In vain,  
That above me, unconquered and bright,  
The proud goal I had aimed at is taunting my  
pains.  
As the twilight comes down with the Night?  
The glad days, the brave years that were lusty  
and long,  
How they fade in vague memory's sight!  
And their joys like echoes of jubilant song,  
As the twilight comes down with the Night?  
There is dew on my raiment; the sea winds  
waft low,  
As lost birds wafted wayward in night;  
And all nature grows cold, like my heart in its  
woe.  
At the advent of Twilight and Night,  
From the realm of dead sunsets, scarce dark  
and yet,  
O'er the hills mist enshrouded and white,  
A soft sigh of ineffable, mournful regret  
Seems exhaled 'twixt Twilight and Night.  
O thou Genius of Art I have worshipped  
and blessed!  
O thou soul of all beauty and light!  
Lift me up in these arms, give me warmth  
from thy breast,  
Ere the Twilight be merged in the Night!  
I may draw from thy bosom miraculous breath;  
And for once on Song's uppermost height  
I may chant to the nations such music in  
death.  
As shall mock at the Twilight and Night.

### The Wife's Ambition.

"It's a hard rub to get along, little  
wife, isn't it?" said Gerald May as he  
closed his account book, and looked  
somewhat ruefully at the solitary one  
dollar bill which was all that remained  
of his month's salary after the house-  
keeping bills were settled, and the rent  
paid, and the outstanding accounts at  
the dry goods stores balanced up satis-  
factorily.  
Mabel May was kneeling on the  
hearth rug, toasting a piece of bread  
for her husband's supper. She turned  
around, with cheeks flushed by the fire  
light, and rosy lips apart.  
"Oh! Gerald," said she, "I do try so  
hard to be economical!"  
"Of course you do, little chick," said  
May, leaning over to capture one par-  
ticular curl of reddish brown hair that  
was drooping, in colors of gold, over  
the fair forehead, and giving it an affec-  
tionate little twitch. "Don't I know  
that without you telling me?"  
"But I wish I could help you," cried  
out Mabel. "Oh, I wish I knew of any  
way to earn money myself!"  
Gerald May looked at her with an  
amused smile.  
"My dear," said he, "one would as  
soon expect an oversized doll to earn  
money!"  
"Other women do," said Mabel, criti-  
cally surveying the slice of bread, to  
make sure that it was artistically brown  
on both sides.  
"But you are such a child!"  
"I am two and twenty," said Mabel  
solemnly.  
"Nonsense!" said Gerald. "What  
could you do to earn money?"  
Mabel colored a little at the deprecia-  
tory tone of the words.  
"Gerald," said she, "I do wish you  
would treat me more like a woman and  
less like a child. Don't you suppose  
that I have as much talent as the rest  
of my sex?"  
Gerald laughed good humoredly.  
"Pour out the tea, cara," said he, be-  
fore you go on rhapsodizing! Of course  
I know that you are a dear little puss, and  
can make an omelette or a shirt with  
any woman in Christendom! But you  
can't write a stirring book like George  
Elliot, nor paint a grand picture like  
Rosa Bonheur!"  
"Of course I don't aspire to any such  
greatness as that," said Mabel, impeni-  
tently; "but I can sing."  
"You've got a nice little voice  
enough," said her husband, patroniz-  
ingly; "for the parlor; but as to mak-  
ing money out of it, I hardly think  
you'll find it so easy."  
"You don't think I can do any-  
thing," cried Mabel, half indignantly,  
"Only just because I am a woman."  
"Some women can drive fate single-  
handed," said Gerald May, sipping his  
tea with provoking nonchalance, "but  
you are not one of the sort, my dear!"  
But long after Gerald had lighted his  
student lamp and commenced his eve-  
ning avocation of copying law papers,  
by which pursuit he added a slender  
sum to the income which would other-  
wise have been quite insufficient for  
even the slender wants of the young  
married pair, Mabel sat with folded  
hands gazing into the red coals, as if  
she could read there, some clue to the  
problem of her life.  
"Only one dollar left of our month's  
money after our month's bills are all  
settled," said Mrs. Mabel to herself,  
screwing up her little reboved of a  
mouth. "Oh, dear! this isn't the way  
to get rich. We must make a little  
money somehow. I can't write love  
stories and poetry, and I won't sew for  
starvation prices; and I don't see my  
way clear to being a shop girl or a cash-  
ier, even if anybody would employ me,  
because there is dear old Gerald to be  
looked after and kept comfortable.  
But I do think I could sing, if I only  
obtained the chance. M. Mercelli, at  
boarding school, used to say I had a  
good soprano. I'll ask Mrs. Lacy, up  
stairs, to let me practice a little on her  
piano, and then I'll try my fortune.  
Gerald would say it was all nonsense!

### The Fire-Brand.

Grandfather Lickshingle broke the  
silence as follows:  
"I tell what it is, children, there's  
no use talkin'. The newspaper men of  
to-day can't sing ink with their grand-  
fathers. They're degeneratin'. This  
country sees no graphic writin' like it  
did when your grandfather was ridin'  
the editorial trike like a witch astride  
the gale. I know of no place that af-  
fords a better field for descriptive writ-  
in' than these very oil regions. Why  
the fires you have here can't be beat-  
exceptin', of course, beyond the tomb."  
When I hear of one of these con-  
flagrations I just ache to take my pen  
in hand and describe it in my own  
graphic style."  
Grandfather closed his eyes, away to  
and fro on his easy chair, while his  
face grew with enthusiasm. "He  
seemed to be in a transport of joy."  
"Bring forth my good gray quill,"  
he said, "and let me paint the burnin'  
town."  
One of the children said he thought  
grandfather was going to have a fit;  
father said he was only in the news-  
paper business, in his imagination, at  
a salary of a thousand dollars a week,  
but would soon be all right.  
"Tis night. Fire! fire! fire!" said  
grandfather, rapidly tracing a sheet of  
imaginary paper with a goose-quill of  
the mind. "Fire! fire! fire! and the  
affrighted winds took up the cry. The  
fire-brand, with his sword of flame, was  
seen leaping from the back window  
of a bake-shop, breathin' smoke and  
forked lightning from his nostrils. In  
an instant the sleepin' city was out on  
the floor barkin' its sinns on chairs  
and things in a mad hunt after its  
pantaloons. Hush! hark! The fire-  
brand rushes on and on like a war-horse  
leavin' destruction in his trail. Look!  
he scales the side of your corner gro-  
cery, even as a kitchen-maid would  
scale a fish, an' with his fiery, forked  
tongue licks the paint off the build-  
in'." See! like the hungry holocaust that  
he is, he is lickin' up the sign: 'Salt  
mackerel, bacon, flour, feed an' pro-  
visions,' as if he hadn't tasted a bite  
for a month. See him leap to the eaves  
of your ladies bower an' gorge himself  
upon the gingerbread work of the cor-  
nices. Now he hurls his body through  
the windows of yonder residence, ran-  
sacks the premises, an' escapes like a  
rocket through the roof. He turns  
somersaults from housetop to housetop,  
knocks over chimneys-pots, dances a jig  
on the hot shingles, like the boy on the  
burnin' deck, and without as much as  
a 'look out behind' rains a shower of  
sparks upon the heads of the panic-  
stricken populace. But see him now!  
He spits upon his caloused hands and  
scoops up the liberty-pole like an eat  
up an apple tree. Up! up! up! Higher!  
higher! higher! Higher and yet higher,  
until now with one fiery foot he tip-  
toes it upon the topmost tip, while he  
flings his arms of flame about him  
like a village lawyer makin' a Fourth  
of July oration. Now he places his  
thumb to his nose, and with his ex-  
tended fingers describes a circle in the  
face of the man in the moon, while he  
laps his forked tongue about the Amer-  
ican flag and swallows it before a  
loyal people can shoot him on the  
spot."

### A Venerable Bridge.

One of the most ancient bridges in  
the world is that over the Main at  
Frankfort, which Goethe called the on-  
ly structure of importance in that city.  
It was erected in 1342, on the site  
of a much earlier structure. Its imme-  
diate predecessor, built in 1306, was al-  
most entirely destroyed during a vio-  
lent flood, and rebuilt by funds raised  
from the sale of church indulgences.  
The building of bridges was then con-  
sidered a religious work, because they  
enabled pilgrims the better to reach  
their destinations. It was from the cen-  
tral arch of the bridge that criminals  
were drowned, and hence, too, the bod-  
ies of suicides were cast into the river.  
The last execution by drowning was in  
1613. There is a story of an Anglo-Sax-  
on tourist, who, lounging on the re-  
nowned bridge, asked a resident the  
name of the most conspicuous statue on  
it. "Charlemagne," the reply, pro-  
nounced like Charley Mann. "Ah!  
perhaps the river, too, takes its name  
from him," was the astonishing re-  
joinder.

### A Shrewd Wife.

An amusing story comes from the Ar-  
denness, where, according to the tale,  
an agriculturist recently died, leaving  
a wife, a horse and a dog. A few  
months before his death he called his  
wife to him, and bade her sell the  
horse, and give the proceeds of the sale  
to his relative, and sell the dog and  
keep the money thus gained for her-  
self. Soon after the death the wife  
went to the market with the horse and  
dog, and exhibited them, with the  
announcement that the price of the  
dog was 500 francs, and that of the  
horse 5 francs. The passers-by stopped  
and stared, and judged the woman mad,  
more especially as she informed all  
would be purchasers that to buy the  
horse it was necessary to buy the dog  
first. At last a curious passer-by con-  
cluded the bargain; after which the  
skillful woman handed over 5 francs  
to the family of her deceased husband,  
and retained 500 francs for herself, thus  
contriving at the same time to carry  
out the letter, if not the spirit, of the  
wishes of her husband, and to secure  
the largest sum of money for herself.

### Hezekiah.

Just then the stage rolled up to a  
house at the cross-roads and stopped.  
Our driver got down and watered his  
horses in a melancholy way, and groan-  
ed as with a deprecating gesture he  
came to the door and informed us  
that there was another passenger.  
A large, bony, rubicund woman came  
forth, bringing three bandboxes, and  
followed by a short, chubby man who  
can be best described as a "kerchun-  
key." He had only one eye, carried  
an arm in a sling, and his nose was ir-  
resolute.  
"Now, Hezekiah," said she, "you  
look out for yourself. You hear me?  
You keep out the fire, and don't yer  
go near nothin'. I never seen such a  
critter! I'm goin' away and can't look  
after me! You hear me!"  
Then she climbed in and sat down  
where Jim's legs had been.  
"Gents—wy how fare ye! I thought  
they wan't nobuddy aboard, but he's  
the trynest man! Got good sense;  
yes; ben to the Legislator; fust sleek  
man; but he's allus gettin' hurt. I  
never know when he's safe! He's the  
trynest man!" And she gave her  
bandbox a hearty thump with her fist.  
"Sick a good deal?" I ventured to  
ask.  
"Sick? No he ain't. Never sick!  
He tumbles into somethin', or somethin'  
tumbles on him or somethin'."  
"Perhaps you will tell us about it,"  
remarked Jim.  
She was evidently ready to relieve  
herself on that point. She put her feet  
up on the opposite seat and began:  
"Wall—le's see—he didn't hurt him-  
self very often until a year ago. Then,  
one day he was out in the woods chop-  
in. He felled a big tree on the saplin,  
then he hit the saplin a clip and he  
didn't know nothin for three r four  
days. When brought in they say he  
was a dead fust. I was away. I'm  
allus away when he gets hurt. Then I  
eum hum and doctored him up and most  
used up my strength in recoverin of  
him, wen, fust I knows, I beln called  
away over to a neighbors war Sprout  
was sick, he went out to split logs and  
put a blast into one, and thoughtless  
crept right up and peeked in and it  
most blowed his head off. He was  
senseless for three days more, and one  
eye was put out completely. I wore  
myself out agin gittin him onto his  
legs, wen wot should he do but go in  
the paster wen I was away and one of  
the bulls listed him. They say he lift  
him quite unusual. It muellated  
him a good deal, and he was senseless  
for three days. He's allus senseless fer  
bout three days. I eum hum and pol-  
itied him till you couldn't rest, and  
kinder must him up, and 'twan't a bit  
nor'n a fortnit wen he went out loadin  
hay without my permission (I was a-  
way), and he ketches a sunstroke and  
tumbled over the load and lit on his  
head on a pile or stuns. Wen I got  
back I told him he was a dumb fool, but  
he didn't understand a word till his three  
days was up. I put lodum poultices on  
him agin and made him smell of  
harshorn, and bimbe he revived.  
Will you believe within one week, wen  
I was away that man managed to get in  
the millpond? Why he didn't get  
drown to death I don't know—he  
ought ter; but they fished him out and  
laid him on the bank and rolled him,  
and wen I eum hum he was settin up  
on his elbows askin about how the lec-  
tion went in Swampscot. I was pretty  
mad, I tell ye. The bees got him next  
time. They swarmed right on his  
head—mistook it for a knot, I s'pose, I  
can't hardly tell ye how he looked after  
that—some like a pile of tomatoes.  
Howsomever, Hezekiah's list lives;  
but I expect, jest's much 's I expect to  
live, that a sheep 'll bite him danger-  
ously afore I git home!"

### A Fireless Locomotive.

On the street railway from Ruel to  
Marly, near Paris, a fireless locomot-  
ive has been introduced which is ex-  
tremely serviceable for short transits.  
The system, invented by a M. Fracy, is  
based on the fact that water boils at a  
lower temperature proportionately to  
the reduction of the atmospheric pres-  
sure. Into a reservoir of thin steel are  
introduced 1,800 litres of water at 200  
degrees Fahrenheit; a hermetical cov-  
ering is placed over it. The steam which  
the water gives off at once fills the su-  
perincumbent space produces a pres-  
sure of fifteen atmospheres. As soon as  
any of the vapor is turned on for mov-  
ing the machine the pressure is reduced  
and the water then begins to boil, pro-  
ducing a new supply of steam. Of  
course that process is but of limited ex-  
tent, as, at the commencement, the liquid  
only contained a certain amount of heat  
which is gradually diminished as the re-  
duction of steam takes place at a low-  
er temperature by the exhaustion of  
superincumbent pressure. As the a-  
mount of pressure required to work the  
engine is only five atmospheres, a series  
of valves are so arranged as to prevent  
a greater amount of force issuing from  
the reservoir than is necessary, and  
thus retaining as far as possible the  
heat originally contained in the water.  
The driving part of the machinery is  
nearly identical with that of ordinary  
locomotives, with a few modifications,  
with the purpose of guarding against  
the useless waste of the heat originally  
introduced into the reservoir.

### Dinner-Table Hints.

When taking a lady down do not if  
she is "pettish" or "sharp set."  
Do not say "I hope they will give us  
a good tuck-out!"  
Wen you are seated keep calm, what-  
ever there is for dinner.  
Soup should not be belched, you must  
swallow it whole.  
Never hammer with your feet for the  
next course, or shout "waiter!"  
When anything nice is put on the ta-  
ble do not chuckle nor rub your chest.  
When the entrees come round, make  
a free choice, but don't pocket.  
Never take more than four helps of  
anything.  
Do not sponge your gravy with your  
bread and squeeze it down your throat;  
it has an uneducated look.  
Never speak with your mouth full;  
first, because it's vulgar; and secondly,  
because you can't.  
If you feel uncomfortable symptoms  
arising from repletion you must disem-  
bell; do not call for brandy and pepper-  
mint drops.  
If your fair neighbor asks what is  
the matter with you, hasten to assure  
her that it's not cutchling.  
Crack nuts for your hostess—if your  
teeth are good.  
Do not say "I'm chuck full!" when  
dinner is over it has a foreign air about  
it.  
Before joining the ladies wash your  
hands in the bowls provided for the  
purpose; you should not call for soap  
or bath towels.  
God's presence with a man in his  
house, though it be but a cottage makes  
that house both a castle and a palace.

### FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Duty first and pleasure afterward.  
Avoid that which you blame in others.  
Never leave home with unkind words.  
Harvest never comes to such as sow  
not.  
Never laugh at the misfortunes of  
others.  
Never neglect to call upon your  
friends.  
Never give a promise that you do not  
fulfil.  
The putrid grape corrupts the sound  
cluster.  
Speak evil of no one; not even of your  
enemies.  
Never send a present, hoping for one  
in return.  
Never speak much of your own per-  
formances.  
Never fail to be punctual at the time  
appointed.  
To be thankful for a little is the way  
to get more.  
Some people are better in show  
than in substance.  
Every good deed is a grain of seed  
for eternal life.  
The most voluminous of authors—the  
author of his own misfortunes.  
Nature is content with little, grace  
with less, but lust with nothing.  
Colton once said of time—wisdom  
walks before it, opportunity with it,  
and repentance walks behind it.  
It is only when one is thoroughly  
true, that there can be purity and free-  
dom. Falseness only punishes itself.  
Life is a state of embryo, a prepara-  
tion for life. A man is not completely  
born until he has passed through death.  
Believe, and if thy faith be right,  
that in sight which gradually transmits  
faith into knowledge will be the reward  
of thy belief.  
Nothing does so fool a man as extreme  
passion. This doth make them feel  
which otherwise are not and show them  
to be fools that are not.  
If you want to take the limp out of  
a stuck-up man, mistake him for a  
street car conductor by offering him  
your fare as he comes along.  
When she bestrode his "bugle" with  
a clothes-pin, and thereby stopped his  
snoring, he said he always thought  
the habit could be conquered in a pinch.  
It requires a great deal of boldness  
and a great deal of caution to make  
a fortune, and when you have got it,  
it requires ten times as much wit to keep  
it.  
The latest device for a scarf pin is a  
solid gold fork, and, when worn by a  
fashionable youth, the combination of  
fork and spoon is said to be very ef-  
fective.  
The peculiar manner in which a man's  
hand indicates to the door knob in the  
morning indicates that the molasses-  
candy party is surging through the  
land.  
Girls whose opinions about such  
things are always valuable, say there is  
too much shirt collar and too little young  
man in the present fashions to suit their  
taste.  
A weak mind sinks under prosperity  
as well as under adversity. A strong  
mind has two highest tides—when the  
moon is at the full and when there is no  
moon.  
So many good men have turned out  
defectives that we know not what to do  
with our superfluous funds. Will some  
one hand us a spade and direct us to a  
lonely spot?  
Every man hath within himself a  
witness and a judge of all the good or  
ill that he does; it inspires him with  
great thoughts, and gives him whole-  
some counsel.  
If we practice goodness not for the  
sake of its own intrinsic excellence,  
but for the sake of gaining some advan-  
tage by it, we may be cunning, but we  
are not good.  
The young man now counteth his  
shekels, and resolveth to remain single  
for another year, while the over-con-  
fident maiden sligheth and keepeth late  
hours in the meantime.  
The mind is nourished at a cheap  
rate. Nihilism, cold, hot, nor age  
itself can interrupt this exercise. Give,  
therefore, all you can to a possession  
which ameliorates even in its age.  
The old in religion dies out the error,  
error the old dispensation, the old su-  
perstition, but not the old religion.  
This is forever new and forever fresh.  
For this there is no decline, no decay;  
for it is the life of God in the soul.  
Gentlemen who can't tell a poisonale  
from an apron, front will bear in mind  
the prevailing distinction between a hat  
and a bonnet. One is worn over the  
ear, and the other on the nape of the  
neck.  
It is not poverty so much as preter-  
ous that harrasses a ruined man—the keep-  
ing up a hollow show that must come  
to the end. Have the courage to appear  
poor and you disarm poverty of its  
sharpest sting.  
Whatever comes out of despair cannot  
bear the title of valor, which should be  
lifted up to such a height that, holding  
all things under itself, it should be able  
to maintain its greatness even in the  
midst of miseries.  
The love of glory, the fear of shame,  
the design of making a fortune, the  
desire of rendering life easy and agree-  
able and the humor of pulling down  
other people are often the causes of that  
valor so celebrated among men.  
Warm your body with healthy exer-  
cise, not by covering over a stove.  
Warm your spirit by performing inde-  
pendently noble deeds, not by ignobly  
seeking the sympathy of your fellows  
who are no better than yourself.  
Have you known how to compose  
your manners? You have done a great  
deal more than he who has composed  
books. Have you known how to take  
repose? You have done more than he  
who has taken cities and empires.  
The soul may be compared to a field  
of battles, where the armies are ready  
at every moment to encounter. Not a  
single vice but has a more powerful  
ponent, and not one virtue but may  
be overcome by a combination of vices.  
The wise man has his follies no less  
than the fool; but it has been said that  
herein lies the difference—the follies of  
the fool are known to the world, but  
the follies of the wise man are known to himself, but  
hidden from the world.

THE REPUBLICAN OFFICE







Montgomery, Feb. 11th, 1879.

WANTED.—For the purpose of popularizing our *Wanted* column, and making it what we designed it to be—a means of effecting exchange and sale of property by our people.

We have concluded to reduce our terms of advertisement under that head, (not to exceed five lines, 10¢ per cent; or, just half the price that we have heretofore charged.)—This certainly brings it within the reach of every body—who has anything to sell. That an advertisement of this kind will bring a bona fide sale of property at a handsome profit to the advertiser, is a fact that he is willing to sell but that there is some one anxious to buy.

That identical article, if he only knew where to find it. If it is advertised, he will know exactly who has it, and thus a trade will be brought about; or if he

WANTS an article, and does not know where to buy it, he can quickly find it, by advertising that he wishes to buy such an article. As the price we charge for this kind of advertisement is only one-fourth of our published rates, we shall insist on cash payments for every advertisement under the head of

WANTED. No advertisement of the kind will be inserted unless accompanied by the cash. If you have anything in the way of farm products—a cow, horse, wagon, buggy, or anything to sell, advertise in

WANTED column. If you want to buy any of these things, advertise for them in the *Wanted* column, and you will be quickly supplied.

Thursday morning, between six and seven o'clock, Gen. Wm. O. Hutchinson, an old and honored citizen of this place, breathed his last, after an illness of some weeks. He leaves a wife and four children, to mourn his loss. His loss in this community will be severely felt and his death universally mourned.

We have just learned of the death of Mr. J. W. Lee, of this county, who departed this life the 4th inst., after an illness of several weeks. Mr. Lee was one of the oldest citizens of the county, and was much respected and beloved by all who knew him. He was 78 years of age at the time of his death.

**BLACK LIST.**  
The following named parties, after taking the Republican a year, have removed from the county without paying their subscription.

J. M. SMITH, White Plains.  
W. C. SMITH, White Plains.  
This thing of getting our labor for a year or two and then sneaking out of the county without a word to us, and leaving us to find out first of the departure of such persons from the postmasters, is getting too common. We shall hereafter give all such a free advertisement, as above.

**MARRIED**—Near Alexandria, by W. S. Neal, Esq., Sunday the 9th inst, Mr. Robert Gullage and Miss Rebecca Cupp.

**Chocolocco Items.**

**MARRIED**—At Kelley's Hotel, in Oxford Ala., on the 30th of January, by Rev. S. T. Smythe, W. H. Davis to Miss Kate Wright John T. Falkner to Miss Nellie Bowling—all of Davisville, Ala.

**DIED**—Near DeArmanville, George Wright, Feb. 3d.

Newton B. DeArman has been appointed Post Master at DeArmanville, Ala. at an election in DeArmanville, the 23d inst., the prohibition for the day by 26 against 10.

Benjamin Jordan, from Buchanan, Ja., has recently settled in our village.

**DIED**—Near DeArmanville, February 3d, Henry Thompson, with typhoid fever, after an illness of forty-eight days.

Also Taylor Currier with the same disease.

Rev. Elijah Teague and Allen Eiston have been confined to their beds for a number of weeks, but very little good weather for farming, and the farmers are getting behind with their work. A great deal of home made fertilizer are being prepared throughout the valley.

J. M. D.

The Talladega Reporter says: A few evenings since a difficulty occurred between James Cargill and Calhoun Willis, who met near where the Chandler Springs road leaves the Socapatory road about nine miles south-east of here. When Willis made an effort to shoot Cargill, James H. Willis, the father, undertook to stop his son and prevent the shooting, and interposing, received a shot which resulted in his death Wednesday morning. It seems there had been some ill feeling between Calhoun Willis and Cargill, growing out of some family matter and hence the difficulty when they met. A warrant was issued by Justice Lawson of this city for the arrest of Willis, but he had not been arrested up to the time we go to press.

The Eagle says there is a good deal of cotton remaining in Walker county.

The Evergreen Star says: Mrs. Gracie Page, of Conecuh county is the mother, grand mother and great grand mother of 55 children.

It also says: A son of Mr. J. R. Etheridge, of Mixon's beat was burned to death on the 1st inst. The little fellow was about five years of age. His clothing caught fire while playing in the yard with other children.

The printing fraternity of Alabama have father an up-to-date business. They are compelled to compete with a lot of sharks who represent large houses in some of the principal cities outside of the State, who travel all over the State of Alabama peddling letter heads, cards, in fact every description of printing, as well as pens, pencils and all kinds of stationery. We say peddling, because they do not confine themselves to selling to the trade, but solicit orders by sample, of course, from the consumers as well as dealers. We have come up with several of these recently in Birmingham. We would respectfully ask the present Legislature if they think it just to allow these houses to do this kind of a business in the State free of tax, while every printing establishment in it is required to contribute to its revenue. Notable among the houses who do this kind of business are the firms of Culver, Page & Boyne, Chicago; Walker, Evans & Cogswell, Charleston; Marshall & Bruce, Nashville; and others. There are but very few Probate Judges or lawyers in the State but have purchased their supplies of stationery and printing from the traveling agents of these houses.—Iron Age.

But for the promise I made in my last communication that I would write you again, I would decline for the reason of the great amount of labor incident upon the session of the General Assembly, my promise is not to write you. I have never moments I have in redemning that pledge.

We are in session this week about 12 hours of the 24 per day. In a legislative experience of nearly eight years, I have never known such a session of business before any former legislation. It was believed that the constitutional provisions, relative to "local legislation" would tend to cut off that kind of law-making, but such has not been the case. I have never known more local or special legislation.

Quite a number of general laws have been passed—the wisdom of which remains to be seen. South Alabama has insisted upon that North Alabama which I feel sure will be the result of business before the election law. The bill as passed upon the subject provides that the ballots shall not be numbered, and fixes the size of same. This is to be not to exceed 5 inches wide and 3 inches long. As it is now the law, I hope my apprehensions as to its evil results will not be realized.

A bill has just passed both houses authorizing the Governor to issue 1 million State bonds, bearing 6 per cent interest, to money to take up the one million State obligations, the interest of which is 8 per cent, and is a heavy drain upon the treasury.

This measure will save the State \$20,000 per annum. The Moffitt liquor law, which was almost unanimously favored at the beginning of the session, was the other day laid upon the table in the House where it originated. The poll of this meritorious bill is attributed to the fact that a large number of the members of the House are in the pockets of the State to lobby for its defeat.

A bill has passed the Senate and will doubtless pass the House, which has created quite a sensation in this city. The bill provides for raising a quarantine fund; and requires a per capita tax of one dollar each for Municipal officers. This bill also applies to the city of Selma.

The bill introduced by Senator Cunningham to change the time of holding the courts in the 12th Judicial circuit still hangs fire. The House amended the bill, the Senate refused to concur in the amendment. The House refused to recede from the amendments, and has asked to day for a committee of conference, and so the matter sits.

The indications are that no changes will be made, at least in Calhoun or Calhoun.

The bill incorporating Davisville in Calhoun county has been defeated in the House.

The bill repealing the prohibitory liquor law near Alexandria, introduced by the member from that county, will sleep in the committee of the House. The bill prohibiting the sale of liquor in 24 miles of DeArmanville has passed the Senate and will pass the House before adjournment.

The bill refunding certain money to Martin and Clark of Calhoun has passed the House and will be urged in the Senate.

We adjourn sine die 13th at 12 P. M.

Dr. R. A. Young of Nashville has been stopping over a few days in this city. He preached two excellent sermons last Sabbath to a large and appreciative audience.

It was my privilege to spend a night with our mutual friend, Capt. J. M. Renfro, who lives 10 miles from the city. I was very much interested in passing around and seeing his fine stock. He is doing a very good business running a stock farm.

It was indeed refreshing to enjoy the hospitalities of Capt. B. and his estimable lady. I might write much more of the legislative proceedings that would be of interest to your readers; but other duties are pressing and I will desist.

W. P. H.

**ENCOURAGING TO THE SOUTH.**

On the subject of "better times at the South," the Boston *Post* writes thus encouragingly: While the West is thriving like a young giant the question arises: What share is the South to have in the growing prosperity of the country?

She has lain dormant for more than a generation. Slavery prevented the immigration of free laborers, and afflicted her with a bad system of agriculture; she ploughed her way with its iron share; the carpet bazaar and the negro, upheld by Radical bayonets, rubbed and plundered her until her distress during the war was as nothing compared with her sufferings from the illegitimate results of the war, excessive taxation amounted to practical confiscation of property; Radical lies about "outrages" kept the recent influx of immigration away from her and sent it to the West; and to crown all, the hard times came to give added weight to her many adversities.

On the other hand we find that, despite all her wrongs and her ill-fortune of the past, she has abundant resources for material prosperity. She has a soil which is capable of producing some of the best staples; even her "worn-out" lands are already cleared and improved, and could be restored by wise management at slight expense. She has a climate unsuited to the wool and productiveness, which has four millions of professional laborers who only need to be set at work; she has a class of cultured and able leaders, who are preeminently qualified to look after her legislative and other essential needs. And now that she has cut loose from the paternal care of the Northern fanatic, has ousted the Northern carpet-bag thief, has shaken off the Radical tyranny from her throat, and is again erecting her independence and her rightful self-government, she will wake up as from a long night-mare, will shake herself into shape and commence to grow. She possesses in a marked degree every essential element of prosperity and rapid growth, and will go forward to gather up these results.

The effects of a transformation of a barren and devastated country like the South, into one that is teeming with people and products, are worthy of consideration when viewed in their relation to the general welfare. What has hitherto been a personal gain to a few political leaders in the practical confiscation of Southern property through onerous taxation and the piling up of fabulous State debts, has been a loss to the public in just the extent that it has reduced the value of that property for National taxation. This loss will be restored, and the South will be enabled to pay her share of the National expenses. Another effect will be the creation of a home market for Northern manufactures and products such as the South has never been before.

We are pleased to note that, as indicated by Southern journals and the behavior of Southern representatives in Congress, the South confronts its present opportunity with an attitude of self-reliance, fortitude and equanimity that is equally surprising and commendable. She has not a word to say of all the wrongs and misrepresentations from which she has long suffered. She chooses to forget her injuries and look cheerfully toward the future. Senator Ratson well expressed the Southern feeling when he said recently in the Senate: "What the South wants is a revival of trade and not a revival of hatred."

Alabama furnishes the last Salary Grab, triumphantly in fraud and knavery that has unblinking robbed the people of the State.

Gen. G. [N. J.] Democrat.

They had been talking about this remarkable performance of Dr. Carver, the marksman who shoots with a rifle glass balls which are sent into his air as fast as a thun-gun throw them. Presently, Alvin Dyer, who was "sitting" by said:

"That's nothing."  
"What is nothing?"  
"Why, that shooting. Did you ever know Tom Potter?"

"No."  
"Well, Potter was the best hand with a rifle I ever saw: beat this man Carver all hollow. I'll tell you what I've seen this man Potter do. You know, maybe, along there in the cherry season Mrs. Potter would want to preserve some cherries; so Tom would pick 'em for her, and how do you think he'd stone 'em?"

"I don't know. How?"  
"Why, he'd fill his gun with bird shot and get a boy to drop a half bushel of cherries at one time from the roof of the house. As they came down he'd fire and take 'em as they fell. The boy might occasionally miss one, but not often. But he'd bigger shooting than that when he wanted to."

"What did he do?"  
"Why, Jim Miller—did you know him? No! Well, Tom made a bet once with Jim that he could shoot the button off of own coat tail by aiming in an opposite direction, and Jim took him up."

"Did he do it?"  
"No! He fixed himself in a position and aimed at a tree in front of him. The ball hit the tree, caromed, hit the corner of a house, caromed, struck a lamp post, caromed and flew behind Tom and nipped the button off as slick as a whistle. You bet he did it."

"That was fine shooting."  
"Yes, but I've seen Tom Potter beat it. I've seen him stand under a flock of wild pigeons, billions of them coming like the wind, and kill 'em so fast that the front of the flock never passed a given line, but turned over and fell down, so that it looked like a brown and feathery Niagara. Tom did it by having twenty-three beach-loading rifles and a boy to load 'em. He always shot with that kind."

"You say you saw him do this kind shooting?"  
"Yes sir, and better than that, too. Why I'll tell you what I've seen Tom Potter do. I saw him once set up an India rubber target at 200 feet, and hit the bull's eye 27 times in a minute! He would hit the target, the ball would bound right back into the rifle barrel just as Tom had clapped in a fresh charge of powder, and so he kept her a going backward and forward until he hit plenty to move his gun and the bullet would of the muzzle of the gun. It was the biggest thing I ever saw; the very biggest—except one."

"What was that?"  
"Why, one day I was out with him when he was practicing, and there came up a rain. Tom did not want to get wet, and we had no umbrella and what do you think he did?"

"What?"  
"Now, what do you think that man did to keep dry?"

"Well, sir, he got me to load his weapons for him, and I pledge you my word, although it legal to rain hard, he lit every drop that came down, so that the ground for about eight feet around was dry as a punk! It was beautiful sight—beautiful."

And then the company rose up slowly and passed out one by one, each mind eyeing Almer and looking solemnly as he went by; and when they had gone Almer looked queerly for a moment and said to me:

"There's nothing I hate so much as a liar. Give me a man who is a friend of the solid truth, and I'll die to him."

**REAL ESTATE AGENCY.**

For information in regard to any of the lands mentioned below, parties can apply to the undersigned either by letter or in person. Letters either by mail or sent promptly and cheerfully answered. Parties with the means and the desire to purchase will be shown any lands advertised at the expense of the undersigned. Those having lands to sell are invited to communicate with him, when an arrangement for selling, directions for writing advertisement, etc. will be given.

L. W. GRANT,  
Real Estate Agent, Jacksonville, Ala.

**850** 100 acres—15 in cultivation—good 100 frame a room dwelling and out buildings—well watered—run or sold through farm—excellent timber and fine out land and range for cattle, hogs, etc.—schools and churches convenient. This place is 3 miles from White Plains and 3 miles from Jacksonville, and will be sold for \$350, half cash, balance in 12 months.

**\$2,000.** TWO HUNDRED splendidly improved, heavily timbered and well watered. It is situated on the Jacksonville and Gadsden road, seven miles from Gadsden. Daily mail both ways. One of the most desirable places in the county. Terms made known on application.

**\$1,700.**—THE undersigned offers a bargain in a FARM near Jacksonville for \$1,700. It contains about 100 acres of land, mostly cleared, good orchards, 1000 good farm houses, out houses, two bold springs (one free stone and one limestone) running water in every lot, and about 100 acres of the very best meadow land in the county. One of the farm houses was put up last fall at a cash expense of six hundred dollars. The present proprietor gave for the place, since the war, \$4,000. Desire to move to Texas is his reason for selling at a sacrifice.

**\$4,000** THREE HUNDRED & twenty acres, situated on the Oxford Road, one mile from White Plains, Calhoun county, in the rich and fertile valley of Chocolocco. One hundred and forty acres in cultivation; balance well timbered. A running stream and two good wells on the place. The place is well watered, and the soil is rich. The place is well watered, and the soil is rich. The place is well watered, and the soil is rich.

**\$1,650** One hundred and sixty acres of White Plains on south side of Chocolocco creek, the creek being the line. Good dwelling and all necessary outbuildings. Well watered. The land is fine and well watered. Orchard, fifty acres cleared and in high state of cultivation. Good school within one mile and a half. Churches convenient. Terms cash.

**AT A SACRIFICE.**—Two town lots. One known as the Hudson lively stable lot; the other as the south-west corner of the public square. Terms made known on application.

There will be no necessity for mothers leaving the comforts of home, with their sick babies, this summer, if they will give Dr. Moffitt's Teething Powder. Teething will regulate the bowels and make Teething easy. It cures cholera infantum and Summer colic of children, heals eruptions and sores, relieves and prevents the formation of worms. Wm. M. Nisbet and all Druggists keep it.

Ayer's American Almanac is now ready for delivery by the druggists, and we also like to say that we have read this valuable work with satisfaction and profit. It contains an astonishing amount of information which is useful to every body, and shows how to treat nearly all the diseases from which people suffer. It invariably recommends the best remedies to be employed, irrespective of Ayer's Family Remedies, and furnishes the best medical advice by which a great majority of ailments can be treated successfully. The anecdotes, witisms and jokes are the best compilation that comes under our notice, and the work is a refreshing contribution to our enjoyment every year.

Jan 18.

**LOCAL MATTERS.**

**Look Here Every Body.**  
Read, Read, Read.—We sell for cash only or exchange our goods for country produce. We hope our friends and customers will not ask us for credit, as we positively refuse to give it. So by not asking you will save the mortification of a refusal.

Your Respectfully,  
W. P. & ED. L. PARR.

**WHAT DO YOU WANT?**  
THE PARKS have everything usually sold in this market: usually

Bacon, Lard, Flour, Meat, Corn, Sugar, Coffee, Salt, Hacksel, White Fish, God Fish, Dried Beef, Fresh Sausage, Bologna Sausage, Tea, Spice, Pepper, Maco, Candles, Almonds, Pecans, Filberts, Arzile nuts, English Walnuts, Oranges, Apples, Lemons, Coconuts, Raisins, Figs, Prunes, Dates, Stuffed Tobacco, Segars, Soap, Candles, Starch, Indigo, Madder, Coperns, Putshi, Blacking, Baking Powders, Oysters, Sardines, Wood Buckets, Tin Ware, Garden Seeds, Glass Ware, Crockery Ware, Lamps, Lamp Pictures, Larders, Sugar, Kerosene Oil, Quits, Knut, Sugar Cider, Vinegar, Powder, Shot and Caps.

All of the above goods we have in good assortment, and we carry a full stock of many other goods too numerous to mention. Come and see and you will go away satisfied. Remember we sell the best goods at the lowest price; and we WILL NOT BE UNDER-SOLD BY ANY HOUSE IN TOWN.

Come and see before buying elsewhere. We sell for CASH; or will exchange any Goods we have for Country Produce.

We have two good milch cows for sale, with young calves.

W. P. & ED. L. PARR.

**ED. G. CALDWELL,**  
(At the old Forney Corner.)

Has on hand the best brands of Chewing and Smoking TOBACCOES, including the popular Swanson's Pride and the celebrated Durham Smoking Tobacco. He has the largest stock of CIGARS in Town. Among his brands you will find the Solace, Margarita, Royal, Standard and the favorite Tidal Wave.

Chocolate, Candine, Imported Chow Chow, Boston Baked Beans, Salmon & Canned Goods in great variety at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Coffee, Sugar, Flour, Meal, Meat, Potatoes, Macaroni, Macaroni & Cheese at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Cheap Groceries for Cash at the old Forney Corner.

Fresh Lard at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Fresh Meat at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy anything in the GROCERY line CHEAP for CASH at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Go buy one of those fine Plovers of the Towens patent at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

A splendid lot of new Tinware at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Finest article of kerosine oil at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

New lot of stone-ware at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy TEN pounds of RICE for \$1 00 at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy 10 pounds of SUGAR for \$1 00 at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Salt at manufacturers prices at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy 5 pounds of good COFFEE for ONE DOLLAR at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Wanted—To sell a good second hand piano, very cheap. Call at this office.

Also a small lot on the west side of the Public Square. Price very low.

**NOW IS YOUR TIME TO GET BARGAINS!**

A. MEYERS & Co. are offering their entire Stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Boots and Gent's Furnishing Goods AT COST, to make room for their Spring Stock. If you should be need of anything in their line, call and examine yourselves.

A. MEYERS & Co.'s Domestic Department has undergone great change, they have reduced their prices of domestic goods, considerably.

If you can buy those Goods for LESS THAN FACTORY PRICES go and see them. They say that they will not be undersold.

A. MEYERS & Co. are selling Shoes at 75 cents a pair and upwards; Calicos 5 cents a yard; Laces Collops 5 cents, and three for 10 cents.

Come along and get bargains.

A. MEYERS & Co.

**T. R. WARD,**  
DEALER IN  
Family Groceries, Hardware, Tinware, &c.

(At Ward's old Stand, on Jacksonville and Gadsden road, in suburbs of Jacksonville.)

JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA.

**DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENS WARE, DRUGS, &c.**

In fact, everything kept in a first class establishment. Our Mr. Rowan attends personally to our purchases in New York, and buys to such advantage that we are enabled to give our customers the **BEST BOTTOM OF THE MARKET.** TRY us and see if you can't get **BETTER BARGAINS** than you can get elsewhere. We have the **LARGEST AND BEST** assorted Stock in NORTH ALABAMA.

**THE TENNESSEE WAGON, THE BEST WAGON** on the market, sold by us.

**ROME GEO., MARBLE WORKS.**

**JONES & EDMUNDSON,**  
**AMERICAN AND ITALIAN**  
**MARBLE & GRANITE.**

**And Manufacturers of Tombs, Monuments and Headstones.**  
ROME, GEORGIA.

Write for what you want, and they will write you what it will cost you.

**INSURANCE.**

The undersigned is Agent for (3) three good and reliable FIRE COMPANIES of the South, to wit:

GEORGIA HOME INSURANCE CO., COLUMBUS, GEORGIA  
HOME PROTECTION " HUNTSVILLE, ALA.  
CENTRAL CITY " SELMA, ALA.

**It is wisdom to insure your Dwellings, Barns, Gin Houses, Merchandise, etc.**

If you desire INSURANCE, call on me at JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, or address me through the mails—

I think I am warranted in saying that these Companies are all in a healthy condition financially, have a CAPITAL ample and sufficient to meet all their liabilities.

I. L. SWAN, Agent,  
Jacksonville, Ala.

Me 25th, 1878—1 y

**R. T. HOYT,**  
**WHOLESALE DRUGGIST,**  
NO 43 BROAD STREET, ROME, GA.

**WILLIS EEL**  
**clover & grass seed**  
TO THE FARMERS AT WHOESALE PRICES.

Sent for Price List and descriptive Catalogue.

R. T. HOYT,  
WHOLESALE DEALER.  
ROME, GA.

**JAMES HUTCHINSON,**  
Barber & Hair dresser,  
Room on Office Row, recently occupied by Dick Walker.

If you desire to have a pleasant and clean shave, or have your hair trimmed in neat and fashionable style, give him a call. Jacksonville, April 20, 1878.

**LEACH NURSERY,**  
Jacksonville, Ala.

**PEACHES.**  
Hales' Early, Early Crawford, Maiden's Blush, (October) Took Premium at the Fair, 15 cents each.—Raised from the seed. Dec-1-3 m.

**TRUST SALE.**  
Under and by virtue of a Deed of Trust executed to the undersigned as Trustee by John Maddox and Jonathan Phillips on the 10th day of April, 1878, to secure J. R. Loyd in the payment of a certain promissory note there- in mentioned, and which said Deed of Trust was recorded in the Probate Court of Calhoun County, State of Alabama, in Book "H" 2nd Volume, Register of Deeds on pages 178 and 179, on the 17th day of May, 1878. I will as Trustee for said, sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the Court house door, in the town of Jacksonville, in said county, on Monday the 17th day of February, 1879, the following described Real Estate, to-wit:

All that tract of parcel of land in the west half of North west quarter and South east fourth of South west quarter of Section 35, Township 13 and Range 7; also a part of North east quarter of North west half of Section 2, Township 14, Range 7, commencing at the half mile stake on North side of said Section running thence south one quarter thence West to centre of hill to said corner, thence North to a line stake on Section line, thence back to the beginning corner and situated in Calhoun County, Alabama.

Said Real Estate will be sold to satisfy said promissory note described in said Deed of Trust. This Jan. 20th 1879

G. W. LOYD,  
Trustee.

Jan. 25—3t.

**TRUST SALE.**  
Under and by virtue of a certain Deed of Trust executed to the undersigned as Trustee, by A. O. Stewart and J. M. Stewart, on the 29th day of October, 1877 to J. and W. Dohard, in the payment of a certain promissory note there- in mentioned, and which said Deed of Trust was recorded in the Probate Court of Calhoun County, Alabama, in Book "G" 2nd Volume, Register of Deeds, on pages 324 and 325, on the 9th day of November, 1877. I will as Trustee aforesaid sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the Court house door in the town of Jacksonville, in said county, on the 24th day of February, 1879, the following described Real Estate and Mills to-wit: Beginning at a stake near the creek on the North side, thence North 75° East 2 Chains, thence North 68° East 17 Chains, thence North 41° East 6 3/4 Chains to the creek, thence North 76° East 2 Chains (offset) 88 chains to Northward, 12,340 chains, thence 38° East 23 1/2 Chains, thence 54° East 30 West 150, thence 40° West 40, 12 chains thence to a straight line containing one hundred acres, together with the fine mills situated thereon,



# FILTS!

**FITS! FITS! FITS!**  
**CURE OF EPILEPSY; OR, FALLING FITS,**  
**BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.**  
 Persons laboring under this distressing malady,  
 will find Hance's Epileptic Pills, to be the only remedy  
 ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling  
 Fits.

afflicted; they are in every respect true, and should they be read by any one who is not afflicted himself, the same as a friend who is afflicted; he would do a humane act by cutting this out and sending it to him.

**A MOST REMARKABLE CURE.**

PHILADELPHIA, June 23, 1867.

DEAR HANCK, Baltimore, Md.—Dear Sir: Seeing your advertisement, I was induced to try your Sceptic Pills. I was attacked with Epilepsy in July, 1865. Immediately my physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. In the third treatment of another, but without any good effect.

and blood several times. I was generally attacked without any previous warning. I had had from two to three attacks a day, at intervals of two or three hours. Often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I would be, or whenever I was occupied with, and was very much exhausted. My mind was very much affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was afflicted in my business, and I consider that I had lost my mind. In the month of April, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills, and only had two attacks after that. The last one was April 1<sup>st</sup>, 1866, and I have not had another since. I have been blessed of Providence your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I am now well, and I think that your medicine should be made known everywhere, that persons who are similarly afflicted may have the benefit of these pills. I will give you my name, and you can obtain it by calling at my residence, No. 836 Rector Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

**THERE IS A CURE FOR EPILEPSY.**  
The subjoined will answer.

GRAND, KING JACOB;  
\$250.00, HANCO—Dear Sir: You will find inclosed  
five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your  
Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly  
afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote for and re-  
ceived two boxes of your Pills, which he took ac-  
cording to directions. He has never had a fit since. It  
was by my persuasion that he took your Pills. I  
am sure you are a very good one; he had fits near  
life. Persons have written to me from Alabama and  
other places, asking me to send them your Pills. I  
am sustaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have  
always recommended them, and in no instance were  
they failed to cure. Yours, etc., C. H. GUY,  
Greensboro, Alabama.

ANOTHER CASE OF THE  
CURE OF EPILEPSY, OR "DANCING FITS,"  
BY HANCO'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Morehead, Texas, Jan'y, 1887.

To Seth S. HANCO:—A person in my employ had been afflicted with Fits, or Epilepsy, for three years; he had these attacks several times a week, sometimes continuing for two or three days. On several occasions they lasted until his mind appeared totally and forever deranged. He was sometimes confined for a day or two after the fits had ceased. I tried several remedies prescribed by our resident physicians but without success. He was finally induced to take your Pills, and he has since been cured. I have concluded to try your remedy. I obtained ten boxes of your Pills gave them according to directions,

[illegible]

OR to  
ly  
re

and mind. His mind had suffered grievously, but now  
I am happy to say, he is cured of these fits. He has  
enjoyed fine health for the last five months. My  
mind has been restored to its original brightness  
and this I take great pleasure in communicating  
it may be the means of directing others to the relief  
that will cure them.

Yours respectfully etc. W. P. Lusk

Sent to each of the country, by mail, free of  
postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address 8275  
S. HANCO, 108 Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md. Fra.  
one-hc, \$3, two, \$6; two-hc, \$10; three-hc, \$15.  
If you please mention where you saw this advertise  
ment.

TRADE MARK.

Reg. March 31.  
1874.

**THE ORIGINAL & ONLY GENUINE**  
**"Vibrator" Threshers,**  
WITH IMPROVED  
**MOUNTED HORSE POWERS,**  
And Steam Thresher Engines,  
Made only by  
**NICHOLS, SHEPARD & CO.,**  
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.



**THE** Matchless Grain-Saving, Time-saving, and Money-Saving Thrusters of this day and generation. Beyond all Rivalry for Rapid Work, Perfect Cleaning, and for Saving Grain from Waste.

**GRAIN** Raisers will not Submit to the enormous waste of Grain & the inferior work done by the other machines, when once posted on the "Elevator."

**THE ENTIRE Thrashing Expense**  
(and often 3 to 4 times that amount) can be saved by the Extra Grain SAVED by these Improved Mac-Nae.

**NO** Revolving Shafts Inside the Seps, no rollers, no endless belts, no gears, and all such time-wasting and grain-wasting complications. Perfectly adapted to all kinds and conditions of Wet or Dry Grain.

**NOT** Only Very Superior for Wheat, Oats, Barley, Rye, and like Grains, but the best for all kinds of "Treatments" of Grain, such as, for example, like Seeds. Requires no "attachments" or "rebuildings" to change from Grain to Seeds.

**MARVELOUS for Simplicity of Parts**  
Requiring less than half the time, Hauls and Sues. Makes no Littering or Scatterings.

**FOUR** Sizes of Separators Made, ranging from six to Twelve Horse size, and two styles of mounted and unmounted.

**STEAM Power Threshers a Specialty.**  
A special Size Separator made expressly for Steam Power.

**OUR Unrivaled Steam Thresher Es-**  
tablishes, with Valuable Improvements and Distinctive  
Features, far beyond any other make or kind.

**ANY Thorough Workmanlike, Elegant**  
Field, Harvesting of Barley, Completeness of Equipments,  
etc., our "Vibrator" Thresher Outfits are incomparable  
for Particulars, call on our Dealers  
or write to us for Illustrated Circular, which we mail free.

**ESTABLISHED 1848.**

**MORGAN & HEADLY.**

**Importers of Diamonds**  
**AND**  
**Manufacturers of Spectacles.**  
**613 SANSON Street, Philadelphia.**  
Illustrated Price List sent to the trade  
on application.

# CATARRH

terrible disease. Its fearful effects are corrupting the throat, weak eyes, deafness, loss of smell, disgusting odors, nasal deformities, continually consumption. Throatists, not knowing the danger in neglecting this disease, die with consumption. In a few years or months it may rapidly develop into quick consumption announce it is too late.

# CONSUMPTION

error of humanity yearly carries thousands to an untimely grave, not the young, the talented, nor the beautiful.

STHMA, which makes the chest  
sufferer's Sore Throat, Cough, and  
BRONCHITIS, the advance guard  
of consumption. For these and all pulmonary  
affections, Dr. W. W. Cope's Treatment by the use of his

# STATE of TAR

IS PLEASANT, THOROUGH, AND SUCCESSFUL.  
SATISFACTION always GUARANTEED.  
and soothing properties are so combined with Plaster  
into a dense smoke. This is inhaled by the patient  
that, with the aid of the Tar, the inflammation is cured, and you  
and balsams condense on the air passages and lungs,  
the hollow chest soon becomes rounded, and full.

sent to any part of the United States or Canada, to be returned if not satisfactory. Croup is readily cured by breathing the vapor and out of the nose, and is the only method by which it can be permanently cured. For terms, call or write  
**Smith and Arch Sts., Philadelphia**  
paper. Cut out and keep for reference.



## THE REPUBLICAN.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING BY

F. & L. W. GRANT.

Terms of Subscription:

One year in advance..... \$2.00

Three months in advance..... 75c

Terms of Advertising:

One square of 10 lines or less, first insertion..... 10c

Second insertion..... 5c

Third insertion..... 3c

Longer notices..... 50c

ANNUNCIATION OF CANDIDATES..... 50c

County Offices..... \$5.00

Communications affecting the claims of candidates charged as advertisements..... 10c

Rates of Advertising:

One square of 10 lines, three months..... \$5.00

One square of 10 lines, six months..... 10.00

One square of 10 lines, twelve months..... 20.00

One square of 10 lines, three months..... 25.00

One square of 10 lines, six months..... 40.00

One square of 10 lines, twelve months..... 60.00

One square of 10 lines, three months..... 10.00

One square of 10 lines, six months..... 20.00

One square of 10 lines, twelve months..... 40.00

One square of 10 lines, three months..... 25.00

One square of 10 lines, six months..... 40.00

One square of 10 lines, twelve months..... 60.00

One square of 10 lines, three months..... 10.00

One square of 10 lines, six months..... 20.00

One square of 10 lines, twelve months..... 40.00

One square of 10 lines, three months..... 25.00

One square of 10 lines, six months..... 40.00

One square of 10 lines, twelve months..... 60.00

One square of 10 lines, three months..... 10.00

One square of 10 lines, six months..... 20.00

One square of 10 lines, twelve months..... 40.00

One square of 10 lines, three months..... 25.00

One square of 10 lines, six months..... 40.00

One square of 10 lines, twelve months..... 60.00

One square of 10 lines, three months..... 10.00

One square of 10 lines, six months..... 20.00

One square of 10 lines, twelve months..... 40.00

One square of 10 lines, three months..... 25.00

One square of 10 lines, six months..... 40.00

One square of 10 lines, twelve months..... 60.00

One square of 10 lines, three months..... 10.00

One square of 10 lines, six months..... 20.00

One square of 10 lines, twelve months..... 40.00

One square of 10 lines, three months..... 25.00

One square of 10 lines, six months..... 40.00

One square of 10 lines, twelve months..... 60.00

One square of 10 lines, three months..... 10.00

One square of 10 lines, six months..... 20.00

One square of 10 lines, twelve months..... 40.00

One square of 10 lines, three months..... 25.00

One square of 10 lines, six months..... 40.00

One square of 10 lines, twelve months..... 60.00

One square of 10 lines, three months..... 10.00

One square of 10 lines, six months..... 20.00

One square of 10 lines, twelve months..... 40.00

One square of 10 lines, three months..... 25.00

### LINGER NOT LONG.

WIFE TO HER HUSBAND.

Linger not long! Home is not home without thee.

Oh! let its memory, like a chain about thee, Gently compel and hasten thy return.

Linger not long.

Linger not long! though crowds should woo thee,

Bethink thee, can the mirth of friends though dear,

Compensate for the grief thy long delaying Costs the fond heart that longs to have thee here?

Linger not long.

Linger not long! How shall I watch thy coming?

As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and dell,

When the wild bee hath ceased her busy humming,

And silence hangs on all things like a spell.

Linger not long.

How shall I watch for thee when fears grow strong?

As night grows dark and darker on the hill,

How shall I weep when I can watch no longer,

Oh! art thou absent—art thou absent still?

Linger not long.

York Co., Pa.

How He Won the Widow.

"Wife," said Ed. Wilbur one morning,

As he sat stirring his coffee with one hand and holding a plum cake on his knee with the other, and looking across the table at his little wife,

"Wouldn't it be a good joke to get Bachelor Bill Smiley to take Widow Watson to Barnum's show next week."

"You can't do it, Ed.; he won't ask her; he's awful shy. Why, he came by here the other morning when I was hanging out clothes, and he looked over the fence and spoke, but when I shook out a night gown he blushed like a girl and went away."

"I think I can manage it," said Ed.; but I have to lie just a little. But then, it wouldn't be much harm under such circumstances, for I know she likes him, and he don't dislike her, but, as you say, he's so shy. I'll just go over to his place to borrow some bags of him, and if I don't bag him before I come back, don't kiss me for a week to come, Nell."

So saying, Ed. started, and while he is mowing the fields, we will take a look at Bill Smiley.

He was a rather good-looking fellow though his hair and whiskers showed some gray hair, and he had shot in a set of false teeth. But every one said he was a good old soul, and so he was.

He has as good a hundred acre farm as any in Norwich, and a new house and everything comfortable, and if he wanted a wife, many a girl would have jumped at the chance, like a rooster on a grasshopper.

But Bill was so bashful—always was—when Susan Sherrybottle, whom he said was sweet on, though he never said "boo" to her, got married to old Watson, he just drew his head in like a turtle into his shell, and there was no getting out again, though since she has been a widow again he had paid more attention to his clothes, and had been very regular in his attendance at the church the fair widow attended.

But here comes Ed. Wilbur.

"Good morning Mr. Smiley."

"Good morning, Mr. Wilbur; what's the news your way?"

"Oh, nothing particular that I know of," said Ed. "only Barnum's show, that everybody is talking about, and everybody and his gal are going to. I was over to old Sockriders last night, and I see his son Gus has got a new buggy and was scrubbing up his harness, and he's got that white-faced colt of his as slick as a seal. I understand he thinks of taking Widow Watson to the show. He has been hanging around there a good deal of late, but I'd just like to cut him out, I would. Susan is a nice little woman, and deserves a better man than that young pup of a fellow, though I would not blame her much either if she takes him for his must be dreadful lonesome, and then has to let her farm out on shares, and it isn't half worked, and no one else seems to have the spunk to speak to her. By jingo, if was a single man, I'd show you a trick or two."

So saying, Ed. borrowed some bags and started around the corner of the barn, where he had left Bill sweeping, and spotted his ear to a knot hole and listened, knowing the bachelor had a habit of talking to himself when anything worried him.

"Confound that young Sockrider!" said Bill; "what business has he there, I'd like to know? Got a new buggy, has he? Well, so have I, and a new harness, too; and his horse can't get sight of mine, and I declare I've half a mind to—yes, I will! I'll go this very night and ask her to go to the show with me. I'll show Ed. Wilbur that I ain't such a calf as he thinks I am, if I did let old Watson get the best of me in the first place!"

Ed. could scarcely help laughing outright; but he hastily pitched the bags out on his shoulders, and with a low chuckle at his success, started home to tell the news to Nell; and about five o'clock that evening they saw Bill go by with his horse and buggy, on his way to the widow's. He jogged quietly along, thinking of a pretty girl Susan was then, and wondering inwardly if he would have more courage to talk up to her—until at a distance

### of about a mile from the house, he came to a bridge, when he gave a tremendous sneeze, and blew his teeth out of his mouth and clear over the dashboard, and striking on the plank, they rolled over the side of the bridge and dropped into four feet of water.

Words cannot do justice to poor Bill or paint the expression of his face as he sat there completely dumfounded at his piece of ill-luck. After a while he stepped out of his buggy, and getting down on his hands and knees, looked over into the water. Yes, there they were, at the bottom, with a crowd of little fishes rubbing their noses against them, and Bill wished to goodness that his nose was as close for one second. His beautiful teeth had cost him so much, and the show coming on and no time to get another set—and the widow and Sockrider.

Well, he must try and get them somehow, and no time to be lost, for some one might come along and ask him what he was fooling around there for. He had no notion of spoiling his clothes by wading in with them on; and besides, if he did, he could not go to the widow's that night; so he took a look up and down the road to see that no one was in sight, and then undressed himself, laying his clothes in the buggy to keep them clean.

Then he ran around the bank and waded into the almost icy cold water but his teeth didn't chatter in his head—he only wished they could. Quietly he waded along so as not to stir up the mud, and when he got to the right spot he dropped under the water and came up with the teeth in his mouth. But hark! What noise is that? A wagon, and a dog barking with all his might, and his horse is starting.

"Whoa! Whoa! Stop you brute, you stop!"

But stop he would not, but went off at a sparkling pace, with the unfortunate bachelor after him. Bill was certainly in a capital running costume, but though he strained every nerve he could not catch the buggy or reach the lines that were dragging on the ground. After a while his plug hat shook off the seat, and the hind wheel went over it, making it as flat as a pancake. Bill snatched it as he ran, and, after jamming his fist into it, struck it, all dusty and dimpled, on his head. And now he saw the widow's house on top of the hill, and what, oh, what will he do? Then his coat fell out and he slipped it on, and then making a desperate spurt he clutched the back of the seat and scrambled in, and pulling the buffalo robe over his legs, stuffed the other things beneath. Now the horse happened to be one he got from Squire Moore, and he got it from the widow, and the animal took it into his head to stop at her gate, which Bill had no power to prevent, as he was too busy buttoning his coat up to his chin to think of doing much else.

The widow heard the rattling of the wheels and looked out, and seeing that it was Smiley, and that he didn't offer to get out, she went to see what he wanted, and there she stood chatting, with her white arms on the top of the gate, and her face towards him, while the chills ran down his shirtless back clear to his bare feet beneath the buffalo robe, and the water from his hair and the dust from his hat had combined to make some nice little stream of mud that came trickling down his face.

She asked him to come in.

No, he was in a hurry. She did not offer to go. He did not ask her to pick up his reins for him, because he did not know what excuse to make for not doing so himself. Then he looked down the road behind him, and saw a white-faced horse coming, and at once surmised it was that of Gus Sockrider? He resolved to do or die, and hurriedly told her his errand.

"The widow would be delighted to go—of course she would. But, wouldn't he come in? No, he was in a hurry, he said; and would go on to Green's place."

"Oh," said the widow, "you're going to Green's are you? Why, I'm going there myself to get one of the girls to help me quilt to-morrow. Just wait a second while I get my bonnet and shawl, and I'll ride with you." And away she skipped.

"What a scrape, said Bill, and he hastily clutched his pants between his feet and wriggled into them, when a light wagon drawn by the white-faced horse, driven by a boy, came along and stopped beside him. The boy held up a pair of boots in one hand and a pair of socks in the other, and just as the widow reached the gate again, he said: "Here's your boots and socks, Mr. Smiley, that you left on the bridge when you were in swimminging."

"You're mistaken," said Bill; "they are not mine."

"Why," said the boy, "ain't you the man that had the race after the horse just now?"

"No sir, I am not. You had better go on about your business."

Bill sighed at the loss of his Sunday boots, and turning to the widow, said: "Just pick up those lines, will you please? This brute of a horse is always switching them out of my hands."

The widow complied; he pulled one corner of the robe cautiously down as she got in.

"What a lovely evening," she said; and so warm I don't think we want the robe over us, do we?"

You see she had on a nice new dress and a pair of new garters, and she wanted to show them.

"Oh my," said Bill, earnestly, "you'll find it chilly riding, and I

### wouldn't have you catch cold for the world."

She seemed pleased at this tender care for her health, and contented herself with sticking one of her feet out. As she did so a long silk necktie showed over the end of the boot.

"What is that, Mr. Smiley—a necktie?"

"Yes," said he; "I bought it the other day, I must have left it in the buggy. Never mind it."

Then they went on quite a distance, he holding her hand in his, and wondering what he should do when they got to Green's; and she wondered why he did not say something nice to her as well as squeeze her hand, why his coat was buttoned up so tightly, and why he was so tight on such a warm evening, and what made his face and hat so dirty, until they were going down a little hill and one of the traces came unhitched and they had to stop.

"Oh, murder!" exclaimed Bill, "what next?"

"What is the matter, Mr. Smiley?" said the widow, with a start, which came very near jerking the robe off his knees.

"One of the traces is off," answered he.

"Well, why don't you get out and put it on again?"

"I can't," said Bill, "I've got—that is, I—I haven't got—oh, dear, I'm so sick! What shall I do?"

"Why, Willie," said she, tenderly, "what is the matter? Do tell me!"

She gave him a little squeeze, and looked into his pale face; she thought he was going to faint, so she got her smelling bottle with her left hand, and pulling the stopper out with her teeth, stuck it to his nose.

Bill was just taking in breath for a mighty sigh, and the pungent odor made him throw back his head so far that he lost his balance, and went over the low back buggy.

The little woman gave a low scream as his bare feet flew past her head, and covering her face with her hands, gave way to tears or smiles—it is hard to tell which. Bill was up in a minute, and, leaning over the back of the seat, was humbly apologizing and explaining, when Ed. Wilbur and his wife and baby drove up behind and stopped.

Poor Bill felt that he would rather have been shot than had Ed. Wilbur catch him in such a scrape, but there was no help for it now, so he called Ed. to him and whispered in his ear. Ed. was likely to burst with suppressed laughter, but he beckoned his wife to draw up, and, after saying something to her, he helped the widow out of Bill's buggy and into his, and the two women went on, leaving the men behind.

Bill lost no time in arranging his toilet as well as he could, and then with great persuasion Ed. got him to go home with him, and hunting up slippers and socks, and getting him washed and combed, had him quite presentable when the ladies arrived.

I need not tell you how the story was all out of bashful Bill, and how they all laughed as they sat around the tea-table that night; but will conclude by saying that they all went to the show together, and Bill has no fear of Gus Sockrider now.

### How the Alps were Formed

Professor Judd, of the Royal School of Mines, London, gave recently an interesting explanation of the formation of the Swiss Alps. The results of geological observations, he said, show that four stages can be recognized in the history of these Alps. First, the existence of a line of weakness in the earth's crust nearly coincident with the line of the present mountains. This is evidenced by the fact that along this line of weakness there were volcanic outbursts, the results of which can still be traced. Secondly, there followed along this line of weakness a depression, and in this huge "trough" of miles in extent there were accumulated sands, lime-stones and clays by various forms of water agencies, and by animals living in the waters. Thirdly, there followed the consolidation of these loose and soft materials. There is evidence that the accumulation was of from six to seven miles in thickness, and the mere weight of the superincumbent material on the lower strata would have a share in effecting consolidation. But this was not all. Under this vast covering heat had led to crystallization from fusion. There was, too, the crushing in from the sides of the trough. This was illustrated by a model of the late Sir H. de la Beche, where lateral pressure was employed on layers of different colored cloth, showing how crumpling resulted, with uplifting of parts of the accumulated mass. Fourthly, there had been the sculpturing of all this into its present form, which was the work of rains and frosts. Some of the existing peaks, even 3,000 feet high, were composed entirely of the disintegrated material resulting from the action of the water, either as ice in glaciers or as rain and streams. The amount of material removed in this way was so stupendous it was almost staggering to try to grasp the facts. The sculpturing of the contours is still going on. This fourth stage was of quite recent date, speaking geologically; but the whole history involved a lapse of time which at the beginning of this century philosophers would not have been prepared to grant, even if this since-acquired knowledge of facts had been presented to them.

### Fashion in a London Park.

A prettier sight than the English girls dressed for the morning promenade cannot be imagined. Their fresh blooming faces and simple tasteful toilets form a most charming picture, and make one wonder whether they can be the same who were at the opera last night, or whether they are a different race who only appear in the morning. It seems as if it must be so, for the girls at the opera in those monstrous toilets that only English taste and English dress-makers could invent, are plain and unattractive, high shouldered, short waisted—the work of the modiste—with their luxuriant hair covered entirely by caps the size of bonnets. No wonder we call English girls plain if we only see them in what is called full dress. The middle aged ladies too, as seen in the morning promenade, are totally unlike the British matron so satirically suggested by the pen of our witty friends, the French. The view near the statue of Achilles is dazzling in the extreme; there is the Row, with its avenues of stately trees in all their freshness, filled with riders, the walks at the side crowded with pedestrians, and others seated on the rows of chairs placed under the trees, and the drive, the other side of the ride, where ladies who do not care to ride or walk, drive themselves, a sight of itself, beautiful pairs of ponies or horses, wonderfully constructed phaetons, and certainly every type of woman. As 2 o'clock draws near, the throng gets very dense, circulation is almost impossible; fashion greets fashion in rapid handshakes and nods, celebrated people pass by almost unnoticed in the crowd, and a continued hum of criticism is kept up. Everybody is on the lookout for everybody else, eager for novelty and ready for any excitement that may turn up. On this particular June morning their craving was satisfied. A horse has fallen under his fair rider who is no other than the Princess of Wales; a rush is made for the spot, but before a crowd can collect she is up and mounted again; she is pale but unhurt and safe; greatly to the relief of the people. The princess looks perfect on horseback; her figure is lithe, straight and graceful, but in spite of her valiant appearance, she is a timid rider. She rode slowly off after her mishap, amid the respectful homage of the gay crowd. Ten minutes after this accident the ride is cleared and comparative silence reigns over the late brilliant scene.

### Colors and Lights.

All ladies know that a color presents a different tint in the day-time to that shown in artificial light. The color of a texture gains or loses by the latter according to the amount of yellow contained in it. Violet, which is a complementary color to yellow, is decomposed in gaslight; the blue disappears and it becomes red. Blue, if pure, thus borders on green; if dark, it appears harsh and black and if pale, loses color and becomes gray. Turquoise silk, which by sunlight is beautiful, loses its brilliancy and appears faded. In ascending the scale of cold colors yellow greens are among the prettiest for evening wear. Thus, apple-green is not far from emerald, and emerald, without changing tint gains in brilliancy and richness. Amber, already beautiful acquire richness; straw color slightly reddens in the folds; sulphur does not change. There is nothing, perhaps, more charming than maize, for without losing its peculiar qualities, it gains an undecidable warmth of tint. The same effect is produced in red shades, for the yellow glare of the evening lights, which is so fatal to blue augments their splendor. Ruby is heightened in its beauty, particularly in plush materials; orange red brightens and pure orange takes a flame color. Black and white do not escape the action of artificial light. Those beautiful blacks, so well named after the raven's wing, become dull and heavy by not retaining the blue shade which gives their life and depth. White on the contrary, improves at night, and if faded revives. For this reason actresses often ask for white that has lost its color, believing that the footlights will restore its lost brilliancy. This white is called blanc-de-lumiere. A color which retains its charm is silver gray—always pleasing and distingue. It even gains a slightly rose colored hue; but should the gray contain a suspicion of blue, like pearl gray, the blue tint is lost and the distinctive characteristic of pearl gray disappears.

### A Dutch Dairy Farm.

After feeding the horses and resting a little while, we drove about eight miles farther on to one of the best stock and dairy farms in Holland. Passing over a canal by means of the gate bridges, we were met by a pleasant old lady who took us into the dairy. When our interpreter told her in Dutch that we were Americans she explained the use of everything, and seemed to be wonderfully pleased, to our guide who interpreted what she said to us. They used the very same stable at the farm that they did in the fourteenth century. They have little rings in the ceilings with cords passing through them, by which the cows' tails are held up to keep them from getting dirty. The stable was carpeted and had plants and flowers in it. The floors of the stables were of small bricks. At the back of the stalls was a trough of masonry, about 18 inches wide and 9 inches deep, with a ditch or reservoir of water at

### one end. As soon as the trench was dirtied they turned on the water, and all the manure, etc., was carried out to a covered vat, whence it could be removed to the fields or wherever they wanted it moved to. The cows were as clean, if not cleaner, than your horses. All the fastening they have is a little cord around their necks, and they are so gentle and quiet that they do not require anything stronger. They use brass milk pails instead of wood or tin ones. We saw the way they make the round cheeses that are sent to America. They have wooden moulds in the shape of two hemispheres or half balls. These are hollow and fit together. The cheese curd is first roughly pressed into shape and then placed in the moulds. The lower half of the mould is stationary, while the upper part is fastened to a kind of screw working in a beam overhead. The upper half is screwed down tight, and the cheese is left for a week. At the end of a week it is served down tighter and left another week. At the end of the third week the cheese is exposed to the air and curing begins. It takes three months for a cheese to be cured, and a year before it is fit for the market. Everything is as sweet and neat as any parlor I was ever in. The stables and stalls for the horses were covered with matting. You have no idea how clean everything was without seeing how it is done. They use the same kind of churns, the same kind of cheese presses, and the same kind of pails, etc., that they did 500 years ago. They think it is showing disrespect to their ancestors to make any improvements in the implements that their forefathers used. I inquired the price of the cattle, and found that the cows cost from 200 to 350 guilders, and the bulls from 300 to 450 guilders, or in our money cows from \$80 to \$140, and bulls from \$120 to \$180 or \$200 each.

### Wanted a Place.

During breakfast one day, Mr. Frank Lord was informed that a person had applied for a footman's place then vacant. He said, usher him in into the room, and a double refined specimen of style greatly detested by his Lordship made his appearance. The manner of he man was extremely affected and consequential, and he determined to lower him a little.

"Well, my good fellow, you want a lackey's place, do you," he inquired.

"Come about, the upper footman's situation, sir," said the gentleman, bridling up his head.

"Oh, you do, do you?" replied Mr. Lord. "I keep no upper servants; all alike here."

"Indeed, sir," exclaimed the upper footman, with an air of shocking dignity; "what department then am I to consider myself to fill?"

"Department? Department?" said Frank in a tone of inquiry.

"In what capacity, sir?"

Mr. Lord repeated the word "capacity," as if not understanding its application to the present subject.

"I mean, sir," explained the man, "what shall I be expected to do if I take the situation?"

"Oh, you mean if you take the place. I understand you now. Why you are to do everything but sweep the chimneys and clean the sties, and those I do myself."

The fellow started, scarcely knowing what to make of this, and seemed to wish himself out of the room; he however, smote a ghastly smile, and after a short pause inquired:

"What salary do you give, sir?"

"Salary, salary," reiterated Mr. Lord; "don't know the word—don't know the word, my good man."







**Wanted.**—For the purpose of popularizing our wanted column, and making it what we designed it to be—a means of effecting exchange and sale of property by our people.

We have concluded to reduce our terms of advertisement under that head, (not to exceed five lines,) to 25 cents; or, just half the price that we have heretofore charged. This certainly brings it within the reach of every body—who has anything to sell. That an advertisement of this kind will bring a sale of the property advertised, stands to reason. A man can hardly have anything that he is willing to sell but that there is some one anxious to buy it.

**WANTED.**—An article, and does not know where to buy it, he can quickly find it, by advertising that he wishes to buy such an article. As the price we charge for this kind of advertisement is only one-fourth of our published rates, we shall insist on cash payment for every advertisement under the head of **WANTED.**

Advertisement of the kind will be inserted without charge, if you have anything in the way of farm products—cows, hogs, wagons, buggy, or anything to sell, advertise in the **WANTED** column. If you want to buy any of these things, advertise for them in the **WANTED** column, and you will be quickly supplied.

We direct attention to the advertisement of the Roper Well mineral water. This water has a wide reputation for its curative properties. It is in use now in some families of this place, with apparently good results. We shall speak of it again, when it has been fully tested.

Some of our kind friends of Bethel church sent us Thursday a beautiful frosted cake, which came, we presume, from the supper lately given at that church. We assure those who so kindly have remembered us that we appreciate the gift most highly. We can never forget the pleasant days we have passed with the hospitable, generous-hearted people who live about Bethel.

The dwelling house of Mr. David Atkins, two miles from here, came near being burned down Thursday. A passing negro, who once belonged to Mr. Atkins, discovered the roof to be on fire, and at once gave the alarm and went to the assistance of the inmates. By almost superhuman efforts the house was saved. Mr. Atkins desires us to return thanks to his neighbors for their timely assistance.

Miss Annie Camp and Miss Mae Brown, two of Munford's loveliest daughters, are visiting friends in Jacksonville.

A horrible accident occurred on the S. R. & D. R. the morning of the 18th. The passenger train went thro' a rotten bridge on Mulberry creek, a few miles this side of Selma, and one white man and three negroes were killed, and several passengers, including ladies, were wounded. Among the wounded are Mr. Stanton, Superintendent of the Road, and Capt. White, conductor.

Mr. White's jaw bone was broken, but it is thought he will recover. Mr. Stanton has been unconscious since the accident, and at last accounts was slowly sinking.

**WANTED.**—One thousand pounds of old copper. Highest market price paid. Apply to W. W. NISBET, Jacksonville, Ala.

The Commissioners' Court that adjourned last week did a great deal of work beneficial to the county. They lopped off several expense items and thus saved much to the taxpayers. While they were applying the knife of economy in every direction, they had the courage and honesty to apply it to their own salaries, and to voluntarily reduce their pay both for the session then holding and for all future sessions during their term of office. This is highly creditable to them as officials, and stands in marked contrast with the action of the late Legislature, which, with arms elbow deep in the State Treasury, refused to lighten the burden of the people, whose servants they were.

Our court recognize their responsibility to the people, and conscientiously strive to subserve their best interests. In all their official acts they are governed by the same principle that actuates them in their private dealings with men. The county is fortunate to have such a court.

**WANTED.**—At the residence of her husband, in Plainville, Ga., on the evening of the 4th inst., Mrs. Kate Henderson Brownlie, in the 26th year of her age.

Mr. John M. Patterson says, if you want to succeed certain on winter cabbage, you must sow your seed in full moon in April, and transplant in July. This he guarantees to be the good old hardshell plan, and Walt Nesbit says a bug or worm never was known to touch a cabbage plant belonging to a hardshell.

The supper at Bethel church in the northeastern portion of this county was a great success in both a social and financial point of view. Over three hundred people old and young were present, and the receipts aggregated over eighty dollars—more than enough to pay of the debt existing against the church. We regret very much that business was such that we could not go. We know of no place that a day can be more pleasantly spent than among those hospitable people.

**WANTED.**—To sell 20,000 feet of lumber, cheap. Apply to J. B. MATHEWS.

The first of Myers, Hinch and Dalsheim have ceased business at this point and returned to Talladega. Mr. Dalsheim speaks of returning in the summer with a new stock of goods. He is a very clever gentleman indeed, and made many friends and acquaintances while here, that will be of benefit to him in any future business enterprise he may undertake here.

**Choccoloco Items.**  
Newtown Milligan recently purchased some Choccoloco bottom land from his brother-in-law, A. B. Scarborough, at \$27.50 per acre. Died, near Davisville, 13th inst., James Davies, Jr., in passing Dearmanville neighbor, Capt. N. B. Dearman, lately engaged with six oxen drawing a large pile of timber, was killed by a large tree falling on him. There is an evidence of improvement throughout our valley, judging by the many new tenement houses and other buildings, fences &c.

**Alexandria Items.**  
The last few days of fair weather have caused farmers to take the quickest in sowing their seed, and repairing garden fences &c. The fall seed are almost all sown. What is injured to some extent by the freezing process. From present indications there will be less bean and guano sold this year than for years past. I think that both could and should be made at home. I have heard of a number of farmers say they will not buy at the increased price of commercial fertilizers. Some who have formerly bought largely for years past, I think they will not buy. Cap. J. A. Crook is pushing improvements on his stock farm as fast as he can. Hope he will be well rewarded with success. Our merchants and mechanics seem hopeful of the future.

**WANTED.**—To buy one load of good shucks. Apply to this Office.

**THE GUANO QUESTION.**  
Mr. L. W. GRANT, Editor Republican.—In your issue of the 15th inst., I see an editorial on fertilizers which leaves an impression upon the mind of the reader that all companies offering fertilizers have advanced their prices for this season. I beg to say, in behalf of the Soluble Pacific Guano Company, (for which I have been agent for two years past) that they have never met in convention to fix the price higher, but on the contrary have issued their circulars and prices to agents just the same as when they sold in 1870, when cotton was bringing from 20 to 25 cents per pound, and did so on their own responsibility, independent of the prices of other companies. They have sold uniformly a ton of guano for 500 lbs of lint cotton, except last season, when they sold a ton for 450 lbs of lint cotton, payable Nov. 1st, when, as you all know, the company only realized about an average of 9 cents per lb for cotton, making about \$34.40 a ton for 450 lbs of lint cotton. The economy in the increased production of crops, thus lessening the acreage to be cultivated. As an illustration, I sold to one of our most energetic young farmers in Calhoun county last season, who used about 150 lbs per acre, and made ten tons of good lint cotton—such as much, you see, as is ordinarily made on forty acres, and no more expense to cultivate than ten of the forty would be.

Asking your indulgence for this explanation, I am, Sir, Very Respectfully, J. D. HAMMOND.

The Jacksonville Republican under the head of Black List, publishes the names of parties who have taken his paper a year or two and refuse to pay for it. This is the plan we intend to adopt so soon as our hide becomes bullet-proof.—Shelby Co. Guide.

A letter from Fayette Court House to the Jasper Eagle says: It seems that Sam Patton and Green Patton, between whom there was an old grudge, met there on last Wednesday, and both being drunk, their old difficulty was revived, when Patton shot Porter about the right nipple, the ball striking a rib, ranged around and lodged in his side, outside of the ribs.

It also says: On Thursday evening, Glen Thornton who was acting as deputy sheriff in the county, carried a Mr. Kilgore, who had been indicted for selling liquor without license, into town, and put up at the hotel. Mr. James and Jack Files were also stopping at the hotel, and spent a great portion of the night in Olive's grocery. About 5 p. m. they went to the hotel, and by some means or other, got Glen down stairs, when trouble ensued, and they fought around the streets from Olive's grocery to Clifton's, the hotel and back to Olive's. Glen was cut from ear to ear on the back of his neck, one gash across the chin and lip to the bone, once in the temple, and a gash in the side three or four inches long, and was left for dead. It cannot be ascertained what damage was done the Files, except that Jack was knocked limber with a stick of wood. It is thought they have left the country. Glen was in his night clothes, and nothing with which to defend himself against the two Files, both of whom are large and stout.

We learn, that Glen is dead. We regret very much to hear that he came to such a sad death, for he was quite a genteel and promising young man.

The Wynneville correspondent of the Gadsden Times says: A meeting of the farmers of Wynneville and vicinity was held at which it was unanimously resolved that we would not purchase any commercial fertilizers this season unless we can buy on as favorable terms as we did last season, to wit: \$60 and \$70 per ton with the option of 15 cents a pound for middling cotton. Signed by fifty farmers.

The Wynneville correspondent of the Gadsden Times says: A meeting of the farmers of Wynneville and vicinity was held at which it was unanimously resolved that we would not purchase any commercial fertilizers this season unless we can buy on as favorable terms as we did last season, to wit: \$60 and \$70 per ton with the option of 15 cents a pound for middling cotton. Signed by fifty farmers.

The noblest thing on earth is the man who rises to the dignity of self-mastery. The man who can refuse indulgence to a clamorous desire; can hold the craving appetite ungratified and can say to the rising passion, "Peace, be still!" is a hero above Alexander of Macedon.

**LOCAL MATTERS.**

**MAKE MONEY**

By buying your goods of W. P. & E. L. PARK. They have just received 2,000 lbs of flour which they sell from \$3 to \$3.50, 1,000 lbs meat from 50 to 75 cts, 800 lbs lard from 10 to 12 cts, 800 lbs Coffee from 15 to 20 cts, 800 lbs Sugar from 9 to 10 cts, 75 bushels Eastern seed Irish potatoes cheap, 5 bushels red and yellow Davies Silver skin onions, 1,000 packages Garden seed of all kinds, 350 lbs Mackerel and White fish at bottom prices, 250 lbs of sole and upper leather at manufacturing prices, 300 pieces Tin Ware of all kinds that are generally needed for family use, 200 gallons of Stone Ware of every variety, 2,500 Segars of all grades from 3 to 10 cts, 200 lbs Cheating Tobacco from 45 to 50 cts, 100 lbs Pure Stick Candy from 15 to 25 cts, 50 lbs Pure Candy from 25 to 50 cts, 20 bushels Apples consisting of Fancy Baldwin and Russets, 500 BEST Sweet Oranges, Large and Well Assorted Stock Glass Ware, Lamp Fixtures, Soap, Starch, Soda, Baking powders, Brooms, Washing Boards, Candles, Kerosene Oil 125 Degrees first test, Butter, Eggs, Chickens, Prunes 100 cts lb, Dates, Figs, Raisins, Currants, crackers, flavoring extracts, and everything kept in a First Class Grocery House.

**THEY SELL FOR CASH.** and hence, their customers do not have to pay an extra cent to cover bad debts. Give us a trial and be convinced that the **PARKS** have a handsome and well assorted Stock of New goods at remarkably low prices.

**ED. G. CALDWELL,** (At the old Forney Corner.)

Has on hand the best brands of Cheating and Smoking TOBACCOES, including the popular Swanson's Pride and the celebrated Durham Smoking Tobacco. He has the largest stock of CIGARS in Town. Among his brands you will find the Solace, Margarita, Royal, Standard and the favorite Tidal Wave.

Chocolate, Cane, Imported Chow Chow, Boston Baked Beans, Salmon & Canned Goods in great variety at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Coffee, Sugar, Flour, Meal, Meat, Potatoes, Mackerel, Macaroni & Cheese at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**Cheap Groceries for Cash** at the old Forney Corner.

**Fresh Lard** at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**Fresh Meal** at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**YOU can buy anything in the GROCERY line CHEAP for CASH** at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Go buy one of those fine Flows of the Towers patent at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

A splendid lot of new Tin Ware at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**Finest article of kerosene oil** at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

New lot of stone-ware at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**YOU can buy TEN pounds of RICE for \$1.00** at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**YOU can buy 10 pounds of SUGAR for \$1.00** at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**Salt at manufacturers prices** at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**COFFEE for ONE DOLLAR** at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**T. R. WARD,** DEALER IN Family Groceries, Hardware, Tin-ware, &c.

(At Ward's old Stand, on Jacksonville and Gadsden roads, in suburbs of Jacksonville.)

50 lbs of good Coffee for \$1 at Ward's.

10 lbs of Sugar for \$1 at Ward's.

Tobacco at 45, 55 and 65 cents per pound, Cigars, Snuff, Candles & cheap at Ward's.

Round wood box matches, 35 cents per dozen—Sells 20 to 25 lbs for \$1 at Ward's.

**The Roper Mineral Well** IS LOCATED 3 MILES EAST OF GREENVILLE, ALABAMA.

For the information of persons desiring to use the Roper Well Water, I will state some of the cures it has effected: Dyspepsia in its worst form, Chronic Diarrhoea, Diabetes, or any derangement of the urinary system, Sick or Nervous Headache of long standing, Piles, Stricture or Eruption of the skin, Ulceration of the Womb and Billious Colic. It is also one of the most strengthening Tonics in use. The following is a list of the mineral water, by Prof. W. C. Stubbs of A. M. College, of Alabama: The amount of water used was one litre, which is a little more than an ounce quart. The litre is equal to one quart, and the quart is equal to one gallon. The amount of water used was one litre, which is a little more than an ounce quart. The litre is equal to one quart, and the quart is equal to one gallon.

**LOCAL MATTERS.**

**MAKE MONEY**

By buying your goods of W. P. & E. L. PARK. They have just received 2,000 lbs of flour which they sell from \$3 to \$3.50, 1,000 lbs meat from 50 to 75 cts, 800 lbs lard from 10 to 12 cts, 800 lbs Coffee from 15 to 20 cts, 800 lbs Sugar from 9 to 10 cts, 75 bushels Eastern seed Irish potatoes cheap, 5 bushels red and yellow Davies Silver skin onions, 1,000 packages Garden seed of all kinds, 350 lbs Mackerel and White fish at bottom prices, 250 lbs of sole and upper leather at manufacturing prices, 300 pieces Tin Ware of all kinds that are generally needed for family use, 200 gallons of Stone Ware of every variety, 2,500 Segars of all grades from 3 to 10 cts, 200 lbs Cheating Tobacco from 45 to 50 cts, 100 lbs Pure Stick Candy from 15 to 25 cts, 50 lbs Pure Candy from 25 to 50 cts, 20 bushels Apples consisting of Fancy Baldwin and Russets, 500 BEST Sweet Oranges, Large and Well Assorted Stock Glass Ware, Lamp Fixtures, Soap, Starch, Soda, Baking powders, Brooms, Washing Boards, Candles, Kerosene Oil 125 Degrees first test, Butter, Eggs, Chickens, Prunes 100 cts lb, Dates, Figs, Raisins, Currants, crackers, flavoring extracts, and everything kept in a First Class Grocery House.

**THEY SELL FOR CASH.** and hence, their customers do not have to pay an extra cent to cover bad debts. Give us a trial and be convinced that the **PARKS** have a handsome and well assorted Stock of New goods at remarkably low prices.

**ED. G. CALDWELL,** (At the old Forney Corner.)

Has on hand the best brands of Cheating and Smoking TOBACCOES, including the popular Swanson's Pride and the celebrated Durham Smoking Tobacco. He has the largest stock of CIGARS in Town. Among his brands you will find the Solace, Margarita, Royal, Standard and the favorite Tidal Wave.

Chocolate, Cane, Imported Chow Chow, Boston Baked Beans, Salmon & Canned Goods in great variety at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Coffee, Sugar, Flour, Meal, Meat, Potatoes, Mackerel, Macaroni & Cheese at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**Cheap Groceries for Cash** at the old Forney Corner.

**Fresh Lard** at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**Fresh Meal** at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**YOU can buy anything in the GROCERY line CHEAP for CASH** at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Go buy one of those fine Flows of the Towers patent at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

A splendid lot of new Tin Ware at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**Finest article of kerosene oil** at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

New lot of stone-ware at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**YOU can buy TEN pounds of RICE for \$1.00** at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**YOU can buy 10 pounds of SUGAR for \$1.00** at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**Salt at manufacturers prices** at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**COFFEE for ONE DOLLAR** at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

**T. R. WARD,** DEALER IN Family Groceries, Hardware, Tin-ware, &c.

(At Ward's old Stand, on Jacksonville and Gadsden roads, in suburbs of Jacksonville.)

50 lbs of good Coffee for \$1 at Ward's.

10 lbs of Sugar for \$1 at Ward's.

Tobacco at 45, 55 and 65 cents per pound, Cigars, Snuff, Candles & cheap at Ward's.

Round wood box matches, 35 cents per dozen—Sells 20 to 25 lbs for \$1 at Ward's.

**BROWN, DEAN & CO.** ALABAMA.

**DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES, HARD WARE, QUEENS WARE, DRUGS &c.**  
In fact, everything kept in a first class establishment. Our Mr. Rowan attends personally to all purchases in New York, and buys to such advantage that we are enabled to give our customers the **BEST BOTTOM OF THE MARKET.** TRY us and see if you can't get **BETTER BARGAINS** than you can get elsewhere. We have the **LARGEST and BEST** assorted Stock in NORTH ALABAMA.

**THE TENNESSEE WAGON, THE BEST WAGON** on the market, sold by us.

**ROME GEO. MARBLE WORKS.**

**JONES & EDMUNDSON, AMERICAN AND ITALIAN MARBLE & GRANITE.** And Manufacturers of Tombs, Monuments and Headstones.

Write for what you want, and they will write you what it will cost you.

**FRINSURANCE.**

The undersigned is Agent for (3) three good and reliable FIRE COMPANIES of the South, to wit: GEORGIA HOME INSURANCE CO., COLUMBUS, GEOR. H. HOME PROTECTION CO., HUNTSVILLE, ALA. CENTRAL CITY, SELMA, ALA.

**It is wisdom to insure your Dwellings, Barns, Gin Houses, Merchandise, etc.**

If you desire INSURANCE, call on me at JACKSONVILLE, ALABAMA, or address me through the mails. I think I am warranted in saying that these Companies are all in a healthy condition financially, have a CAPITAL ample and sufficient to meet all their liabilities. I. L. SWAN, Agent, Jacksonville, Ala.

**R. T. HOYT, WHOLESALE DRUGGIST,** NO 13 BROAD STREET, ROME, GA.

**WILL SELL clover & grass seed** TO THE FARMERS AT WHOLESALE PRICES. Send for Price List and Descriptive Catalogue.

**R. T. HOYT, WHOLESALE DEALER, ROME, GA.**

**JAMES HUTCHINSON, Barber & Hair Dresser,** Room on Office Row, recently occupied by Dick Walker.

If you desire to have a pleasant and clean shave, or have your hair trimmed in neat and fashionable style, give him a call. Jacksonville, April 20, 1878.

**LEACH NURSERY, Jacksonville, Fla.**

**PEACHES,** Early, Early Crawford, Maiden's Blush, (Early) Took Premium at the Fair, 15 cents each.—Raised from the seed. Dec. 7—3 m.

**POSTPONED. TRUST SALE.**

Under and by virtue of a Deed of Trust executed to the undersigned as Trustee by John Maddox and Jonathan Phillips on the 10th day of April, 1878, to secure J. R. Lloyd in the payment of a certain promissory note thereon mentioned, and which said Deed of Trust was recorded in the Probate Court of Calhoun County, State of Alabama, in Book "H" 2nd Volume, Register of Deeds on pages 178 and 179, on the 17th day of May 1878. I will as Trustee for said, sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the Court house door, in the town of Jacksonville in said county, on the day of

1879, the following described Real Estate, to wit: All that tract of parcel of land in the west half of South west quarter and South east fourth of South west quarter of Section 35, Township 13 N and Range 7, also a part of North east quarter of North west half of Section 2, Township 14 N, Range 7, commencing at the half mile stake on North side of said Section running thence south one quarter thence West to centre of hill to said corner; thence North to a line stake on Section line, thence back to the beginning corner and situated in Calhoun county, Alabama.

Said Real Estate will be sold to satisfy said promissory note described in said Deed of Trust. This Jan. 20th 1879. G. W. LOYD, Trustee.

Jan. 25—34.

**TRUST SALE.**

Under and by virtue of a certain Deed of Trust executed to the undersigned as Trustee, by A. O. Stewart and J. M. Stewart, on the 29th day of October, 1877 to J. W. Dohard, in the payment of a certain promissory note thereon mentioned, and which said Deed of Trust was recorded in the Probate Court of Calhoun county, Alabama, in Book "G" 2nd Volume, Register of Deeds, on pages 324 and 325, on the 21st day of November, 1877. I will as Trustee address sell to the highest bidder for cash, before the Court house door in the town of Jacksonville, in said county, on the 24th day of February, 1879, the following described Real Estate to wit: Beginning at a stake near the creek on the North side, thence North 70° East 2 Chains, thence North 68° East seven-fifths unobscured Chains, thence North 41° East 9.84 Chains to the creek, thence North 70° East 2 Chains (offset) 88 chains to Northward, 12.340 chains, thence 33° East 23 fifths unobscured chains; thence South 27° West 10° West, 40, 12 chains; thence to a straight line containing one hundred acres, together with the line miles situated thereon, in section 20, Township 14, Range 8 east.

Said Real Estate and mills, known as the Stephenson Mills, will be sold to satisfy said promissory note described in said Deed of Trust. This Jan. 16, 1879. G. B. DOUTHITT, Trustee.

Jan. 25—41.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**

For Scrofula, and all scrofulous diseases, Erysipelas, Bores, St. Anthony's Fire, Eruptions and Eruptions of the skin, Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Throat, Pustules, Boils, Blisters, Tumors, Testes, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Scurvy, Female Weakness, Sterility, Leucorrhoea, arising from internal dyspepsia, and other diseases. Syphilis and all its consequences, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, General Debility, and for Purifying the Blood.

This Sarsaparilla is a combination of vegetable alteratives—Sillifolia, Mandrake, Yellow Dock—with the Iodides of Potassium, and other powerful and most efficacious medicines yet known for the diseases it is intended to cure.

Its ingredients are so skillfully combined that the full alternative effect of each is assured, and while it is so mild as to be harmless even to children, it is still so effectual as to purge out from the system those impurities and corruptions which develop into loathsome diseases.

The reputation it enjoys is derived from its cures, and the confidence which prominent physicians all over the country repose in it proves their experience of its usefulness.

Certificates attesting its virtues have accumulated, and are constantly being received, and as many of these cases are publicly known, they furnish convincing evidence of the superiority of this Sarsaparilla over every other medicine.

So generally is its superiority to any other medicine known that we need do no more than to assure the public that the best qualities it has ever possessed are strictly maintained.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass., Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. W. M. NISBET, Agent, Sep. 21 '78 ly Jacksonville, A. A.

**MARRIAGE GUIDE** Ho. 12 R. Eighth St. St. Louis, Mo.

Who has had greater experience in the treatment of the most dangerous of all diseases than Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. in the West, give the results of his long and successful practice in his new and improved

**THE PHYSIOLOGY OF MARRIAGE** THE PRIVATE MEDICAL ADVISER

Books that will give you the most complete and reliable information on the subject of marriage, and the diseases that result from it. The books are written in plain, simple, and easy language, and are so arranged that you can find the information you want in a few minutes. The books are sold by all druggists and bookstores.

**SMOKED TOBACCO**

**BURNHAM'S** WARRANTED BEST AND CHEAPEST. A MILLING SUPPLY.

Works: Christiana, Lancaster co Pa. Office, 23 S. Beaver St., York, Pa.

**THE WHITE SEWING MACHINE** The Best and Cheapest.

This Machine combines all the best and latest improvements, and has marked advantages over all others in use, being simple in construction, easily understood and worked.

The treadle enables the operator to run the Machine easier and faster than any other.

Every working part is in hardened adjustable steel bearings, moving but little wear, so all loss motion can be easily taken up.

For sale by WOODSTOCK IRON CO., Anniston, Ala.

A liberal discount allowed to Agents. I have successfully every kind of Sewing Machine. I consider the White the best and most perfect made.

SAM'L NOBLE, April 20, 1878—ly.

**THE GREAT CAUSE OF HUMAN MISERY** Just Published in a Sealed Envelope—Price 25 cts.

A Lecture on the Nature, Treatment, and Radical cure of Seminal Weakness, or Spermatorrhoea, induced by Self-abuse, Involuntary Emissions, Impotency, Nervous Debility, and Impediments to Marriage generally. Consumption, Epilepsy, and Pity Mental and Physical Incapacity, &c.—By ROBERT J. CULVERWELL, M. D., Author of the Green Book, &c.

The world renowned author, in the admirable Lecture, clearly proves from his own experience that the awful consequences of Self-abuse may be effectually removed without medicine, and with out dangerous surgical operations, leeches, instruments, rings, or cordials, without out a mode of cure at once certain and effectual, by which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, can cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

This Lecture will prove a boon to thousands. Sent under seal, in a plain envelope, to any address, on receipt of six cents or two postage stamps. Address the Publisher, 719 CULVERWELL, N. D. D. CAL. Co., 41 Ann St., New York; Post Office Box 4366.

**W. C. LAND, WATCH MAKER & JEWELER** Jacksonville, Ala.

**PRESCRIPTION FREE** For the speedy cure of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Power, and



